IONATH. SWIFT S.T.P. & Decan. S.t Patric. Dub.
Non Pareil

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Mr. POPE's

Literary Correſpondence.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

With LETTERS of

Lord BOLINGBROKE.
Lord LANSDOWNE.
Sir SAMUEL GARTH.
Mrs. ELIZA JUSTICE.
WILLIAM BROMLEY, Eſqs
PIECES of Mr. WALSH.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's* Head, in *Roſe-Street*. *Covent-Garden.* M.DCC.XXXVII.

Mr. POPE's

Literary Correspondence.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

With LETTERS of

Lord Bolingbroke. Mrs. Eliza Justice.
Lord Lansdowne. William Bromley, Esq;
Sir Samuel Garth. Pieces of Mr. Walsh.

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LONDON:

Printed for R. Cobbe, at Pope's Head, in Pall-Mall:
Curll, Gardner. MDCCXXXVII.

TO MY

SUBSCRIBERS

encore.

GENTLEMEN,

HAving, *as you All know, honeſtly Purchaſed the* First *Volume of Mr.* POPE's Literary Correſpondence *of his Agent the Reverend Mr.* Smith; *Publiſhed and paid my Reſpects to my* BENEFACTOR *in the* Second; *Diſpatched* BROCADE *and* TIM LANCET *in the* Third; *and, Got rid of the* SHIFTERS *in the* Fourth; *I now come to give you a juſt Account of the Contents of this* Fifth *Volume.*

Beſide, what is here preſented to You, I have Several other very valuable

able Originals in my Cuſtody, which, with theſe, were Tranſmitted to me from Ireland. *And this Volume will be cloſed with whatever* additional Letters *Mr.* POPE *ſhall think fit to inſert in his* WORKS *in* PROSE, *now printing in* Quarto, *Price a Guinea; but the Controverſy between* ME *and Mr.* POPE *will never be ended till the Eyes of one of Us are* cloſed *(I mean by* Death, *not by Dr.* Taylor) *if* Mine *are open longeſt, to the laſt Volume of* Literary Correſpondence *ſhall be prefixed A faithful Account of Mr.* POPE's *Life and Writings, with a true Copy of his Laſt Will and Teſtament, if he makes one.*

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obliged

5 Nov. 1736.

Humble Servant,

E. CURLL.

ORIGINAL

LETTERS.

Mr. POPE *to Dean* SWIFT. *

Dear Sir,

I Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both ſtings and pleaſes me extreamly. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my Friend GAY's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole Letter; and your ſeeming to

* Written in the Year, 1723.

take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere Effect of Friendſhip: Indeed, as I cannot but own the Lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing, ſo I really thought you would know yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my Friendſhip, that it was a Poſſeſſion you could not imagine needed any farther Deeds or Writings to aſſure you of it.

It is an honeſt Truth, there is no one living or dead of whom I think oftner or better than yourſelf. I look upon you to be (as to me) in a State between both; you have from me, all the Paſſions and good Wiſhes that can attend the Living, and all that Reſpect and tender Senſe of Loſs that we feel for the Dead. Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate State, at this Diſtance, and

in

in this Abſence, Dean SWIFT lives ſtill in *England*, in every Place and Company where he would chuſe to live, and I find him in all the Converſations I keep, and in all the Hearts, in which I would have any Share.

We have never met theſe many Years without mention of you; beſides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a later Date, are ſuch as were yours before. Lord OXFORD, Lord HARCOURT, and Lord HARLEY, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you. Lord BOLINGBROKE is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary-Rights; and, indeed, he ſeems grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to ſet his Heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill Fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I have moſt lived, muſt be Baniſhed! after both of you left *England*, my conſtant

Hoſt was the Biſhop of ROCHESTER; ſure this is a Nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the Expence of another: I tremble for my Lord PETERBOROW (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General; and if he eſcapes being Baniſhed by others, I fear he will Baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome Account of my Manner of Life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions, a Glut of Study and Retirement, in the firſt Part of my Life, caſt me into This; and This I begin to ſee will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from oppoſite Sets of People, have hindred me from being violent or four to any Party;

Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any; I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The Merry Vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me, and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of Mind which by Fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh That World well: My Friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed: Averſions I have none but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and thoſe I cannot be commonly civil to, for I think thoſe next to Knaves who converſe with them; the greateſt Man in Power, of this Sort, ſhall hardly make me Bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal Obligation to him,

and that I will take care not to have. The top Pleaſure of my Life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to uſe the Freedoms of Friendſhip with Men much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praiſe; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have diſpleaſed, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourſe with Poets and Scriblers, unleſs where by chance I have found a Modeſt one; by theſe Means I have had no Quarrels with any perſonally; and none have been Enemies, but who were alſo Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Ecclairciſment with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid I never related, not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the Matter: There are very few Things that give me the Anxiety of a Wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have, would be to paſs my Days with you; and a few ſuch as you: But Fate has

has diſperſed them all about the World, and I find to wiſh it, is as vain, as to wiſh to live to ſee the *Millenium*, and the Kingdom of the Juſt upon Earth.

If I have ſinned in my long Silence, conſider there is one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a Sinner; as often as you ſee his Hand you will learn to do me Juſtice, and feel in your Heart, how long a Man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever faithful Servant,

A. Pope.

Lord BOLINGBROKE

TO

Dean *SWIFT.**

I Am not ſo lazy as POPE, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to Lazineſs; in defending his own Cauſe he pleads yours; and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge; you will do the ſame on your Part; and I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall have great Juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous Tribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two Alehouſe-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the

* This ſeems to be written by way of *Poſtſcript* to Mr. *Pope*'s Letter.

ſame

HENRY L.d *Visc.t BOLINGBROKE.*

Murray Pinx. 1714. *Parr Sculp*

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ſame time Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not ſtand to the Award; my Title to your Friendſhip is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it; but Annual-Acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it; and I begin to ſuſpect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge Preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one Word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curioſity) was it not to try, how far the Contraſt between POPE's Fortune and Manner of Life, and Mine may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; that Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome Profuſion, among the whole Female Kind, has been theſe many Years devoted to One Object;

Object; a great many Misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that juſt and nice Diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom Sagacity enough to make for Ourſelves; thoſe Inſects of various Hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the Sunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the Shade. No Man comes to a Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit; a few Philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate and duller Company have not altered you extreamly from what you was nine Years ago.

The hoarſe Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place *; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of ISAAC

* DAWLEY.

BICKERSTAFF

BICKERSTAFF are admitted, this Diſtinction is owing to ſome Strokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious Philoſopher, had (like the *Indian* FOHU, the *Grecian* PYTHAGORAS, the *Perſian* ZOROASTER, and others his Precurſors among the *Arabians*, *Magians*, and the *Egyptian* SERES) both his Outward and his Inward Doctrine, and that he was of no Side at the Bottom ——— When I am there, I forget I was ever of any Party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted Reaſon of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch Monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing Dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtorians, by GUICCIARDIN, by MACHIAVEL, and by THUANUS; for I have vowed to read no Hiſtory of Our own Country, till that Body of it which you promiſe to finiſh appears.

I am

I am under no apprehenſions that a Glut of Study and Retirement ſhould caſt me back into the Hurry of the World; on the contrary, the ſingle Regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this Courſe of Life: My Philoſophy grows confirmed by Habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this Approbation from you, I am *conſilio bonus, ſed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed nil non recte facere non poſſim.* The little Incivilities I have met with from oppoſite Sets of People, have been ſo far from rendring me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my Fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the Malice of the World is; others have cured me of my Hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular Friendſhips are; all have cured me of Surprize; in driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of curſed Company;

Company; and in ſtripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Eſtate, and ſuch Trinkets, which every Man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without.

Reflection and Habit have rendred the World ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal Friendſhips intereſt me in the Affairs of it, and this Principle extends my Cares but a little Way: Perfect Tranquility is the general Tenour of my Life; good Digeſtions, ſerene Weather, and ſome other mechanic Springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad; I have gained New Friends, and have loſt ſome Old ones; my Acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of Pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no Vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of Friendſhip, and therefore a

pretty

pretty long noviciate of Acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them; my Loſſes of this kind give me but little Trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a Friend who breaks with me unjuſtly is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few Days) I ſhall fall back into that Courſe of Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great diſtance from me; I have an Averſion to them Both, but in the ordinary Courſe of Life I think I can bear the ſenſible Knave better than the Fool: One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome, or other, of the Attitudes of thoſe Wooden Men whom I have ſeen before a Sword-Cutler's Shop in *Germany*, but even in theſe conſtrained Poſtures the witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an Obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another Coin: The Fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my Guard as the Knave,

and

and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it——Adieu, dear SWIFT with all thy Faults I love Thee intirely, make an Effort, and love me on with all mine.

BOLINGBROKE.

ALMAHIDE.

AN

ODE.

By HENRY SAINT-JOHN, *Eſq*; *.

I.

LONG have I wander'd from the *Muſe*'s Seat,
Where, ever preſent to the Poet's Eyes,
A thouſand grateful Objects riſe,
Where all is gay, and all is ſweet.
Where, when paſt Images we find,
By Memory with theſe combin'd,
She from her Store of fading Senſe can move,
And frame no Fancy but of Joy and Love.

* An incorrect Copy of this Poem was publiſhed in the Year 1701.

Where

Where ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace reſides,
The ſacred Temple where *Apollo* hides,
From the profane and vulgar Eyes,
His aweful Myſteries.
This blooming Garden of the *Delian* God
Long ſince I left, new Paths to try;
On rough uneven Ground I trod,
And ſought the gloomy dark Abode
Of Wiſdom and Philoſophy.

II.

From hence eſcap'd with Joy to Thee I come;
Thee I reviſit now, my native Home.
That Magic Land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of thoſe Lethargic Streams,
That with their Poiſon taint the Blood,
And ſtop the ſprightly Purple Flood;
That upward to the ſickly Head
Send lazy Vapours, idle Dreams.
Again I'll taſte of the Prophetic Rill,
Which riſes faſt by the *Pierian* Hill.
Phœbus all other Nymphs forſook,
To chace *Caſtalia*, young and fair,
To bathe in her delightful Waves,
All other Waters now he leaves,
He looſens here his golden Hair,
And plunges in the lucid Brook.
Once the coy Maid refus'd the Grace,
And would not ſuffer his Divine Embrace.
Now wiſer grown, no more ſhe'll fly,
But claſps the God, and hugs the naked Deity.

III.

As Mariners their Canvas Wings diſtend,
Leaving the Pole, to ev'ry Northern Blaſt;
Southward their Courſes bend,
And th' Artic Circle paſt,
The Temp'rate Zone with Pleaſure meet;
With Pleaſure feel the glowing Heat,
And as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long abandon'd Sun.
Thus from the frozen Skies,
Where once benumb'd ſhe lay,
My Muſe to milder Regions flies,
And to *Parnaſſus* wings her Way.

IV.

Methinks already in my Heart,
I feel a ſecret Warmth ariſe,
Which thence diffus'd to ev'ry vital Part,
Glows in my Face, and ſparkles in my Eyes.
I ſee the Summit of the Hill,
With Spires of Glory crown'd;
And nearer now I ſee the Mound,
Such was *Apollo*'s Will,
Rais'd by the Muſes to keep off the Croud
Of thronging Poets, inſolent and loud.
Wretches, whom tho' he daigns not to inſpire,
Would yet be plac'd among the Golden Choir.

V.

Here *Garth* appears, to whom conſign'd
The double Charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to ſee his Arts diſgrac'd,
Phyſic and Poetry at once debas'd;
Their ſacred Ends for public Good deſign'd,
Perverted to deſtroy and plague Mankind,
To *Garth* the double Charge imparts,
Of living Verſe, and healing Arts.
Him when the God reſolv'd to ſend,
He bid *Hygiéia* on his Steps attend.
Bid ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace prepare,
To warm the Bard with all their Fires,
To join his Song with all their Lyres,
And make his matchleſs Poem * all their Care.

VI.

But now arriv'd I mount the ſacred Hill,
And Joy and Rapture all my Senſes fill.
My melancholy Thoughts retire apace,
And fly like Dæmons from the Place.
I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes Poſſeſſion of my Breaſt,
And I with all his Fury burn.
Again I feel the pleaſing Smart;
Love fills his ancient Throne, my Heart;
A charming Tyrant, and a welcome Gueſt.

* The DISPENSARY.

VII.

I know ye well, ye ſilent Groves,
Conſcious of my ſecret Loves:
Tell me how often have I found,
Beneath your gentle Shade,
In penſive Act upon the Ground,
The mournful STREPHON * laid.
STREPHON, the Glory of our *Britiſh* Plains,
The Wiſh of all the Nymphs, and Envy of the Swains.
How often have I heard his charming Voice,
Thro' all the neighb'ring Hills reſound,
And to repeat the Heav'nly Notes rejoice.
With † *Myra* he begins his Lays,
And ends 'em all in *Myra*'s Praiſe;
Nothing but *Myra* dwells upon his Tongue,
Charm of his Heart, and Subject of his Song.
Her Beauty and the Verſe alike ſucceed,
Nor can Oblivion fear;
For after Ages ſhall with Rapture read,
What we with Rapture hear.
The pow'rful Lute on which the *Thracian* play'd,
Was by the Muſes to the Skies convey'd;
One more bright Star ſhall in the Field appear,
And *Granville*'s Pen adorn the glitt'ring Sphere.

* *George Granville*, Eſq; late Lord *Lanſdowne*.
† The Counteſs of *Newburgh*.

VIII. But

VIII.

But ſoft, I hear
The ſounding Lyre;
And ſee the God is near,
And all the tuneful Choir,
I've reach'd the tow'ring Height,
'Tis here the *Muſes* ſtay;
From hence I'll take my Flight,
And wing my airy Way.
Aloft my Muſe and I will go,
She ſcorns to aim at little Things,
At Heroes or at Kings,
She cannot ſtoop ſo low.
To *Almahide* addreſs thy Song,
It does of Right to her belong.
Soar like the *Theban* Swan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming Region of the Sky.

IX.

Go on, my Muſe, go on;
Boldly approach the Sun;
And from his Chariot Wheel
Attempt to ſteal
The ſacred Fire
That does the Gods inſpire.
Then may'ſt thou in Immortal Lays
A more than Mortal Beauty praiſe.

Or ſhould thy melting Pinions fail,
And I precipitate deſcend;
Should my unlucky Stars prevail,
And give my Days this fatal End;
Yet in the Monuments of Fame
I ſhall ſecure a laſting Name;
And to have dare'd a Thing ſo great,
Will place me far above the Pow'r of Fate.
Then when I draw my lateſt Breath,
Should *Almahide* vouchſafe to ſmile,
That would compenſate for my Death,
And more than pay me for my Toil.

X.

Stay, fooliſh Muſe, thy Hurry ſtay,
Where will thy Madneſs run?
To *Almahide* direct thy Way,
And ſeek no other Sun.
'Tis ſhe ſupplies,
With brighter Eyes,
The Diſtance of the God of Day.
When they are ſhut, in *Britain* then 'tis Night,
And we eternal Darkneſs fear,
But when the radiant Balls appear,
We feel their Warmth, and bleſs the riſing Light.
Thus ſhall my Theme my Song inſpire,
And heat my Breaſt with double Fire;
And thus my humble Genius raiſe
High as the Beauty that I praiſe.

Thus

Thus be my Want of Strength ſupply'd,
Thus may ſhe grant what Nature has deny'd,
I aſk no Inſpiration but from *Almahide.*

XI.

In the World's early Days,
When firſt *Religion* did appear;
Religion, which has coſt Mankind ſo dear;
When Men began to raiſe
Gods to themſelves, and then thoſe *Gods* to fear,
Choſe various *Lords*, and tir'd of being free,
Of ev'ry *Virtue* fram'd a *Deity:*
Had *Almahide* been known,
Had ſhe been born to ſhine,
They had ador'd no other Shrine,
All theſe Perfections are in Her combin'd,
The Fom of *Venus* and *Diana*'s Mind.
Her Rays a Luſtre like the Sun's diſpence,
And ſhed on all a bounteous Influence.
A cruel Glance from thoſe fair Eyes,
A Word by her in Anger ſpoke,
Gives more Alarms,
Than *Jove* in Arms,
And ſwifter than his Light'ning flies,
And ſurer than his Stroke.
Only below ſhe could not dwell,
Or Hell would be no longer Hell.
At her Approach the Realms of Woe
Would change their horrid Face;
The burning Flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the Place.

XII.

And ſee! the lovely Form appear,
Before my raviſh'd Eyes!
Cloſe to yon Chryſtal Stream the *Charmer* lies.
Behold her, *Swains*, behold her there;
Impending Branches ſhield the Fair,
And Beds of *Cámomile* the beauteous Burthen bear.
See, how reclining on the Graſs,
In this clear Brook, her faithful Glaſs,
Firſt ſhe collects her ſcatter'd Hair,
Then in Treſſes,
As ſhe dreſſes,
Places ev'ry Flow'r that's gay,
Places all the Pride of *May*,
Not to adorn, but to compare.
In vain with Her's their brighteſt Colours vie,
The bluſhing *Roſe*
Its Weakneſs knows,
And vanquiſh'd *Lillies* own her Victory.
Nor raiſes ſhe her Head, but downward bent,
Approves their Form, and ſmiling ſeems content.
Obſerve the Troops of Loves
That ſwarm about the Groves,
Lean on their Wings, and hanging in the Air,
Miſtake the Nymph, and think their Mother there.

XIII.

Gently, ſweet *Zephyr*, gently blow,
And make th' injurious Mantle riſe,
And wound our Hearts and pleaſe our Eyes.
Unveil the Nymph, dear Wind remove
Thoſe Clouds that hide this World of Love,
And ſee the friendly Breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.
O! give her Slave to know,
That Sea of Milk, thoſe Hills of Snow,
And all the bliſsful Vales of Joy below.
He would, but can no more diſcloſe:
Reſiſting Robes oppoſe:
The thouſand Folds of that invidious Veſt,
Inſhrine their Treaſure, and our Sight arreſt.
Corporeal Eyes no farther reach;
But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
Fancy can enter thro' the ſmalleſt Breach,
And thro' the ſubtle Plaits a Paſſage find.
Thus having pierc'd the Screen,
Fancy relates what ſhe has ſeen,
And tires the Soul while ſhe inſtructs the Mind.

XIV.

Thus we, fond Wretches, court our Fate,
And when the pointed Darts,
Increaſe the Pains we might abate,
And plunge 'em in our Hearts.

In vain we hope to find a Cure,
No Remedy is nigh;
Without Relief we muſt endure,
And without Pity die.
Fair *Almahide* gives Love to All,
All that dare look her Victims fall;
But ſhe herſelf Receives from None,
Or what's the ſame to Me, from One;
One happy Man that dwells within thoſe Arms,
Taſtes all her Joys, and rifles all her Charms.
While dying Crouds of Lovers ſtand,
And look, and gaze, and wiſh to ſhare;
But Virtue with her Magic Wand,
Encircles round the Happy Pair.
Thus when the *Moon* on *Larian-Latmus* lay *,
And rapt in Pleaſure laugh'd her Hours away,
Her Beauty and her Light to all Mankind,
Without Diſtinction ſhin'd,
But to *Endymion* was her Love confin'd †.

* The laſt *Thought*, and the laſt *Line*, are taken from Lord *Lanſdowne*. I think myſelf obliged to *own* the *Debt*, tho' I am unable to *pay* it.

† Alluding to the Story of *Diana* and *Endymion*.

Dawley-FARM,

THE

RETIREMENT

OF

Lord BOLINGBROKE.

'TIS ſung, that, exil'd by Tyrannic *Jove*,
Apollo, from the ſtarry Realms above,
To Sylvan Shades, to Grots and Streams retir'd,
And that new Scene and that new State admir'd;
Admir'd, but found (with Pleaſure and Surprize)
Himſelf the ſame on Earth as in the Skies;
A ſimple Majeſty, an eaſy Grace
Compos'd his Steps, and lighten'd in his Face;
The wond'ring Swains and Nymphs, where'er he trod,
At Diſtance gaz'd, and recogniz'd the God;
Where'er he paſs'd, the World, his Influence knew
And Learning, Arts, and Wiſdom round him grew,

Still,

Still, tho' in ſilent Privacy, he gave,
His wonted Aid; inſpired the Wiſe and Brave;
Taught Patriots Policy; taught Poets Senſe;
And bade all live, or die, in LIBERTY's Defence.

Sure this is verify'd: What here we view
In BOLINGBROKE has made the Fiction true.

See! Emblem of Himſelf, his *Villa* ſtand!
Politely finiſh'd, regularly Grand!
Frugal of Ornament, but That the beſt,
And all with curious Negligence expreſs'd.
No gaudy Colours ſtain the Rural Hall,
Blank Light and Shade deſcriminate the Wall;
Where thro' the whole we ſee his lov'd Deſign,
To pleaſe with Mildneſs, without Glaring ſhine;
Himſelf neglects what muſt all others charm,
And what he built a *Palace* calls a *Farm*.
Here the proud Trophies, and the Spoils of War
Yield to the Scythe, the Harrow and the Car;
To whate'er Implement the Ruſtic wields,
Whate'er manures the Gardens or the Fields.
Contraſt of Scenes! Behold a worthleſs Tool,
A dubb'd Plebeian, Fortune's Fav'rite Fool,
Laden with Public Plunder loll in State,
'Midſt dazling Gems, and Piles of Maſſy Plate,
'Midſt Arms, and Kings, and Gods and Heroes quaff,
His Wit all ending in an Ideot-Laugh,
Whilſt noble *Saint-John* in his ſweet Receſs,
(*By thoſe made greater who would make him leſs*)

Sees,

Sees, on the figur'd Wall, the Stacks of Corn
With Beauty more than theirs the Room adorn.
Young winged *Cupids* ſmiling guide the Plow,
And Peaſants elegantly reap and ſow,
The *Mantuan* Genius, thus, in rural Strains,
Adds Grace to Cots, and Dignity to Swains,
Makes *Phœbus'* ſelf partake the Farmer's Toil,
And all the Muſes cultivate the Soil.
While free of Heart, and eloquent of Tongue,
His Speech as tuneful as that Heav'nly Song,
Suſpends in Rapture each attentive Gueſt;
Words more delicious than his gen'rous Feaſt;
Wit more inſpiring than his flowing Bowl;
"The Feaſt of Reaſon, and the Flow of Soul."

O *Britain!* ---- But 'tis paſt ---- O loſt to Fame!
The wond'rous Man, thy Glory, and thy Shame,
Converſing with the mighty Minds of Old,
Names like his Own, in Time's bright Liſt inroll'd,
Here ſplendidly obſcure, delighted lives,
And only for his wretched Country grieves.
While Thou, ingrate, infatuate, as thou art,
Of thy mad Conduct long ſhalt feel the Smart,
Long mourn the Folly which thy Weal deſtroys,
And rue the bleſt Retirement he enjoys.

LETTERS
OF
Doctor *GARTH.*

To Lady RANELAGH *at* Bath.

Madam,

I Hope the Waters agree very well with her Highneſs*, and I wiſh they may anſwer all the Intents they are taken for; and that they may not only confirm her Highneſs's Health, but that the whole Nation may be bleſt with the Fruits of it in contributing to the increaſe of the *Royal-Line*, which will be of much more advantage to

* Princeſs ANNE of *Denmark.*

theſe

theſe Kingdoms, than extending our *Line* in *Flanders*: For there, we may have ſufficient Encouragement to look after Ourſelves, and not after the Security of Strangers. Here is nothing at all of News, neither that *Dunkirk* is taken, nor *Namure* beſieged. So that I ſuppoſe the Army is in very good Health, for I hear nothing to the contrary, and conſidering how great an Army we have, it is as much as can be expected that they take care of their Healths. This is all the News from Abroad; and as for the News at Home, the only is, that the Queen ſent into the City to borrow 200,000 *l.* upon the Security of a Vote, the Parliament made, that if the *Poll-Bill* did not ariſe to 1,200,000 *l.* they would make it up, ſome other way, the next Seſſion. I am very glad the City has that good Opinion of the Houſe of Commons, as to think they will not alter their Opinions. Another piece of News is, that a young Lady hanged herſelf

herſelf for Love, in *Leiceſter-Fields*. I ſuppoſe ſhe was really in Love; and, perhaps, the firſt that ever was ſo: I wiſh the City had as good a Security for their Money, as ſhe has given for her Love. I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.

S. GARTH.

LONDON,
Sept. 6, 1692.

To Lady RANELAGH.

Madam,

I Am very ſorry, that the Waters, that have workt Wonders, as they ſay, upon all People, who have drank them this Year, ſhould diſagree with your Ladyſhip; I could find in my Heart to ſend ſome People who are very ſick thither; and then, I am ſure, I ſhall ruin their Reputation; or elſe ſend ſome ſour, conſumptive Fanatic,

natic, that has a Conſtitution as ſtubborn and untoward as his Principles; and if He ſhould chance to miſcarry, They will call them *Jacobite*-Waters; and if they ſhould once get that Name, it would clear you from a great deal of troubleſome Company, who have a Mind ſignally to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt: And the Truth of it is, 'tis but reaſonable there ſhould be a Diſtinction made in a Place that is the Rendevous of all the *Leprous*. We are here ſomething ſurprized at the News that the Mayor of *Bath* was ordered by my Lord *Nottingham*, not to wait upon the Princeſs to Chuch, becauſe he was the Queen's Officer. I am very glad her Highneſs does not bathe in the *Queen*'s *Bath*, for then, may be, the Secretary might have forbid that too. I do not know what can be done next, without they diſarm the Duke of *Gloſter*, becauſe he has got a Sword, and is huzzaed into the Houſe. I am informed of a great ma-

ny Ladies that will not pay the reſpect that is due to her Highneſs, and as they will pay no Viſits, ſo it would have been much better, if they did not receive Viſits from others; I ſhall take care, for the future, to preſcribe them Husbands inſtead of Gallants, to go along with them. I hope my Lady *A****** has given you no reaſon to be jealous: I knew her before ſhe married a Fool in *Oxfordſhire*, and her own Men Servants knew her there, to much better purpoſe; only once their Service was a little too hot for them. I find that thoſe who are *Jilts* would be thought for the Government, and conſidering how we have been *jilted*, they may well claim a Pretenſion to it; I wiſh they had behaved themſelves ſincerely toward it; and then they need not have been unmannerly to ſhew their Affection to it. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

LONDON,
Sept. 13, 1692.

S. GARTH.

The Honourable

GEORGE GRANVILLE, Eſq;

TO

Mr. *BURNABY.*

YOU enquire, my Friend, whether you ſhould ſhew your Comedy *, to your Acquaintance before its Repreſentation? I anſwer in the Negative; which I ſhall confirm by the following Reaſons.

The Reputation a Poet obtains from the public Applauſe, is not altogether imaginary; for the Number of thoſe who are not influenced by it, is ſo very ſmall, that he is out of fear of Danger from them. Nay, thoſe very Men,

* The LADY's VISITING-DAY. *He has likewiſe wrote Three other Comedies*, 1. Love Betray'd: or, The Agreeable Diſappointment. 2. The Modiſh Huſband. 3. The Reform'd Wife.

who on a private Peruſal of ſome Plays, entertained but an indifferent Opinion of them, fondly debauched by their Succeſs, run their Approbation up to Bigotry; never reflecting that as a Man's Name often ſubſerves to his public Reception, without regard to his Performance; ſo the Gracefulneſs of the Action, and the Pomp of the Theatre, joined to the injudicious Claps of the Audience, as often give the greateſt Applauſe to the worſt Plays; and for a while preſerve the general Eſteem of the Town. For when once a Play has got That on its Side, a great many Men of Senſe rather ſwim down than ſtem the Tide, or oppoſe the Vogue at the Expence of the Imputation of Singularity. This is evident from ſome late Plays (I had almoſt ſaid Farces) againſt which the beſt Critics declared in vain.

But before the Action, a moderate Character of a Play, from a Man of tolerable

tolerable Senſe, ſhall by his parſimonious Praiſe, damn it, tho' ever ſo meritorious; for the Judgment of the Audience being not yet paſt in its Favour, the Town is ready to take the firſt Impreſſions from any Man, whoſe plauſible Aſſurance has got him the Reputation of a Critic; becauſe People hope by falling in with his Cenſure, to give a ſufficient Proof of their Underſtandings. A Poet therefore in ſubmitting his Play, before Action, to a Peruſal, runs as many hazards, as he confides it to Men who want either Candour or Judgment; and among thoſe that the vulgar Voice has allowed Wits, a Man with ſuch Qualifications is not very eaſy to be found. One of theſe Wits always over-values himſelf; and believing that he is Maſter of a great deal of Senſe, when his *Portion*, perhaps, but juſt *ſeaſons* him from *Fool*; and ſo only finiſhes a *Coxcomb*, who thinks the only way to eſtabliſh himſelf a Wit, is by finding Fault.

And the Town, which is not over-nice, in diſtinguiſhing betwixt Merit and Pretence, is often impoſed on by the Coxcomb, it miſtakes for a Man of Senſe; and byaſſed by the general Malice of Mankind (that inclines moſt Men rather to believe Ill than Good of another) it ſtrikes in with his injudicious as well as unjuſt Cenſures.

There is another ſort of *Wits* (though of ſomewhat a higher Claſs) whom a ſmall Stock of Learning, and the Flattery of ſome of their Acquaintance, has confirmed in the Self-opinion of being good Critics, and with theſe the Poet yet runs a greater Riſque; for it is impoſſible to pleaſe them with any thing Modern, except their Own. Theſe Critics have a very contemptible Opinion of the Age they live in, and think Fortune extremely ſevere in not caſting them into the Times of *Euripides*, *Horace*, or it may be *Shakeſpeare*; and they are angry with Providence for planting

planting them ſo far *Northward*, who might have made a Figure in a more *Southerly* Clime, among the firſt-Rate Wits of old *Greece* and *Italy*. They think ſo meanly of all they know, that they would ſooner admire a Scribler they never ſaw, than a Man of the beſt Senſe of their own Acquaintance. They cenſure the Wit by the Countenance; and the Man whoſe *Face* they are diſguſted with, muſt never hope to pleaſe them with his *Underſtanding*. If ever they happen to think well of any Man's Wit for a while, (for their good Opinion of any one is of a very ſhort duration) it is when they meet with one as ill-natured and vain as themſelves; then their Spleen at the Merits of others, being gratified with Railing, blinds them to a Momentary Satisfaction in the Defamer; but that being over, their native Pride returns, and they look down on him too; for all their Talent and Time is expended in ſpeaking well of them-

ſelves and their own Writings, and ill of every body elſe: But then theW orld is often even with them, for they generally are pleaſed with themſelves without a Rival.

Indeed, there is often a Magiſterial Pride and ill Nature in Men of a great deal of Wit and Learning, which almoſt overthrows all their Merit, or at leaſt makes one angry to find things ſo valuable in ſuch ill Hands; for when Praiſe, or Succeſs, has once debauched a Man's Judgment into *Opiniatre*, he is but a Fool of his own making, ten times more intolerable than a Fool of God's making.

Again, there are ſome who are but lately eſtabliſhed Wits by a lucky Hit, and hope to keep up that Character by depreſſing others, or damning what they write, with faint and affected Praiſe. Theſe are for keeping Fame *Chaſte*, (though themſelves are an Inſtance

ſtance of her *Proſtitution)* that is, for their own uſe only; never reflecting, that ſhe, like thoſe of whoſe Sex ſhe is painted, is capable of ſatisfying more than One; nay, that like a pretty Woman, it is almoſt impoſſible to keep her to one's ſelf. Theſe particularly avoid, for their recent Succeſs makes their Pride more lively, and their Apprehenſion of any Rival more ſtrong.

Mr. *Wycherley*'s Couplet reaches abundance of our current Wits, or Critics.

Thoſe who write ill, and thoſe who ne'er durſt write,
Turn Critics out of meer Revenge and Spite.

Yet all theſe have it in their Power, to do a great deal of Miſchief to a Poet who is ſo bold, as to venture his Reputation in their Hands; becauſe the undiſcerning Town never reflects, that as a *Critic* is the laſt Refuge of a Pretender to Wit, ſo he that is full only of the Faults of an Author, is

leſs

leſs deſerving, even of that Name, than he who ſometimes riſes up to a Taſte of his Excellencies. Nor does the Town conſider, that a great many Men have no other way of keeping within the Pale of *Wit*, but by excluding thoſe who are only capable of excluding them.

There are another ſort of Men who paſs for Wits with the Town, that are far from being ſo; and theſe are your *Laughers*, *merry Rogues*, who have a mortal Averſion to Thought; and as they laugh at every Thing, even what they ſay themſelves, it is not to be expected they ſhould ſpare the moſt ſerious Performance.

Laſtly, The Judgment moſt Men make of Books, is generally very erroneous in judging the Performance by the Author, not the Author by the Performance; if a Man, through Inexperience, or any accidental Misfortune,

tune, have the ill luck not to pleaſe in one thing, ſome will by no means allow him a Capacity of pleaſing at all. Though Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Otway*, and every eminent Poet, have been Proofs of the contrary; while ſome, ſucceſsful to a Wonder, in their firſt Attempts, have mouldred away, and dwindled in a little time to leſs than the Shadow of thoſe mighty Men their firſt ſetting-out promiſed. And, indeed, popular Applauſe is too common a Teſt of the Writer's Merit, of which the beſt Poets have complained both in *Greece* and *Rome*. *Petronius Arbiter*, in the Perſon of *Eumolpus*, gives it as an Obſervation in his Time.

Ego inquit Poeta ſum, & ut ſpero non humillimi ſpiritus: Si modo coronis aliquid credendum eſt, quas etiam ad Imperitos deferre Gratia ſolet.

The

The Ignorant, as well as the Learned, ſhare the Applauſes of the Town; and there has ſcarce appeared a Scribler ſo deſpicable in Reality, as not to have been, ſome time or other, the Favourite of a Day.

Theſe, and many more Hazards a Man runs, who has the Aſſurance to conſult thoſe we generally call Friends, before the Repreſentation; and the Fortune of a Poem, and that of a Man meet with the ſame Meaſure. When a Poem, by the public Reception, is paſt needing particular Approbations, the Wits are laviſh of their Praiſe; but when their Approbation might eſtabliſh its public Reception, they are very ſcrupulous of beſtowing it. The Benefit therefore, that you expect by it, being ſmall and uncertain; the Damage ſo apparent, and conſiderable; I think it ſafer to come to the Public with all one's Faults, than by falſe Hope of mending

mending them by Advice, have them turned to the ruin of the whole Poem: and having given you my Judgment, you may, as Men generally do, follow your own Fancy. It is enough I have endeavoured to ſerve you, and to prove that I am what I pretend,

Your faithful Friend,

WHITEHALL,
28 *May*, 1700.

GEO. GRANVILLE.

P. S. I ſend you our Old Friend's excellent Epigram, *In celeberrimum* Joannem Dryden, CHAUCERI *Sepulchro Intectum.*

SUaviter hic longo dormi defuncte labore,
Dum jungit ſocios una Caverna ſinus;
Dumq; tuas canimus laudes, hæc accipe blanda
Mente, minor Vatum quæ tibi turba damus.
GALFRIDI exuvias quæ priſci incluſerat olim
Hoſpite lætetur Nobilis Urna novo:
DRYDENI cineres terrâ hac capiente repôſtos,
CHAUCERUS tumulo ſplendidiore jacet:
O par fœlices! hac quis mercede recuſet
Unà vobiſcum concubuiſſe, Mori?

BEVILL HIGGONS.

LETTERS
TO
Captain *CONDUIT.*

SIR,

PETERSBURG,
Jan. 14, 1734.

I Have now paſſed a Winter and a Summer here; the latter is much the beſt. I was ſo contracted together in the Winter, that I was, in a manner, Dead with Cold, and fit for nothing but to be Diſſected. Often am I put in Mind of the wide difference between *Peterſburg*, and old *England*, not only on Account of its Coldneſs, but Unpoliteneſs; for I well remember how my Dear *Mamma* uſed to give Orders to our Servants to keep a thorough Silence in the Houſe till I was awake in a Morning, and when that News was brought her, with what an endearing tenderneſs did ſhe enquire after my Health? But here

here the *Ruſſian* Bear-Brutes with their Heels and their Tongues, make as loud a Din up and down Stairs, before we are ſtirring, as there is at Drury Lane after the Play is over. Such is the ſervile Politeneſs of *Ruſſia*. However, I bleſs God I have my Health, and am ſenſible it will be a ſecret Pleaſure, to you to hear of my Welfare; and I muſt declare that I am as happily ſituated as you could wiſh me, and am uſed intirely to my own Satisfaction. For my part, under Misfortunes, I ſhall always adviſe Travelling, it being pleaſurable to attempt the moſt diſtant Part of the Globe with a Reſolution and Truſt in the *Divine Providence* which never fails thoſe who rely on it. This I offer excluſive of *Predeſtination* and all Fanatic Cant. When in our Voyage, the Captain told me we ſhould that Night go through the Gulph; methought he little knew how great a One I had ſhot, when I left *England* to ſail Three-thouſand-miles with only a

Splendid-

Splendid-Shilling in my Pocket. I have without the leaſt Anxiety, reſigned *All* I ever had in this World, except *Friend-ſhip*, and that I never will part with but with my Breath. I ſhall therefore moſt gratefully acknowledge, that to you, it is, I owe my preſent Happineſs, and am your much obliged Friend, and humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

II.

SIR,

PETERSBURG, *Oct.* 15, 1735.

BE pleaſed now, to take an Account of this Place from above fifteen Months Experience.

The Gentleman and Lady * I am with, have uſed me with the greateſt

* Mrs. JUSTICE went over as a *Governeſs* to ſome young *Ladies*; obliged thereto, by the diſhonourable Practice of her Huſband, lately Tranſported for Robbing the Libraries at *Cambridge*. She was the Daughter of an eminent Phyſician, in *Yorkſhire*, and brought Mr. JUSTICE a very handſome Fortune. He has had by Her Three Children, which are kept by his own Mother, a worthy Gentlewoman, now living in the City of *York*.

Tenderneſs,

Tenderneſs, Humanity and Politeneſs that is poſſible. He is Juſt, Generous, and Obliging. She is Virtuous, Charitable and Compaſſionate; and I do from my Heart ſay, They are the Perſons to whom I am, and wiſh to be obliged.

As to the *Ruſſian* Climate it is extream Cold, as you may imagine when Eighteen Thouſand Men were lately Reviewed upon the Ice. Carriages of all Sorts, laden with Goods, are every Day drawn over it. But indulgent Heaven to make up this Severity, has given plenty of Wood, and Furs, to fence againſt the Cold.

The People are very Strong, and can endure great Hardſhip. As to their Beauty, I cannot ſay, in Painting, they would make very ſoft Pieces; for the Lines of their Faces are very Strong. They are moſt of them of a good Heighth, but the Men wear very long

Beards. The Ladies are, or can be, juſt what you pleaſe. For, only ſay, what Complexion you like, and they will inſtantly put it on; being well verſed in Painting.

As to their Converſation I will not ſay any thing of it, not underſtanding their Language, but they Bow very much, and are Civil to Strangers. They can diſpence with more Dirt, and much more Food, than the *Engliſh*.

Their Churches are finely Adorned with what they call GODS. They go to Church in the Night, and He who makes the loweſt Bow is moſt Religious.

As to their Servants, they are the moſt ignorant Creatures living, and have every thing which attends Ignorance, that is, Ingratitude, Dirt and Saucineſs; and are, in my Opinion, far inferiour to a well taught Bear.

Their Buildings are very Magnificent, and their Houſes are very Warm, having an Oven in every Room, to which I creep cloſe.

The Diverſions of the Place are theſe; Twice a Week an Opera, and now and then, a ſerious Game at Ombre for what will never hurt any Body, Love and Friendſhip; and on a Moon-Light Night, a Tour upon the Ice in a Sled.

As to Scandal, here is enough of it; but, the Gentlemen Rival the Ladies of the Talent always allowed them, of a little Tittle-Tattle.

Here is no occaſion for Sir *Clement Cotterel*, for they are much upon the *Sans Ceremonie*. There is one thing that I believe they exceed any Part of the World in, *Illuminations*; which they make about Four or Five times a Year, and the Expence is above Sixty

ſand Pounds a Year, and in my Opinion it is well worth it.

As to Proviſions, here is every thing very good, and in great Plenty. As to Liquors, they are the ſame. As to Port Wine they wonder what it is; but *French* Wine, as *Chatteau-Margouz*, *Burgundy*, *Tocai*, *Arrack*, we every Night drink to all Friends in Old *England*.

In ſhort, here is no want of any thing but agreeable Company; and, except the Family I am in, there is not a Perſon that I ſhould not think my Time as loſt with, if I converſed with them. The Rules I go by are Theſe; I think no One my Friend, and therefore cannot be deceived. I hear All, and ſay Little. I keep my old Maxim of giving no Affront, nor will not tamely take one. I believe, from this time, I ſhall always put into Lotteries; for I am apt to think my Luck is turned,

ed, in happening to be ſo fortunate as to come into ſo worthy a Family.

I make no excuſe for this long Letter, it is in Compliance of your Requeſt, and I deſire your Acceptance of my Acknowledgments for all Favours conferred on,

SIR,

Your, &c.

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

III.

SIR,

PETERSBURG, *Dec.* 24, 1735.

I Intreat your Acceptance of a *Winter-Piece.* The Scene of this Country is quite changed. The agreeable River which ran by my Window, is now conſolidated into a fixt Subſtance of Ice. I daily ſee Numbers of Car-

riages covered with Snow, and the Men's Beards look as if they were ſet with Diamonds by the Iſicles hanging about them. The Green Trees are become ſo White, that they put me in mind of the Roſemary upon Cakes at Twelfth-Tide; and the Gentlemen and Ladies, I think, are turned into different Creatures, of all Sorts, by their Dreſs, being habited in Skins of divers Beaſts. Yet, notwithſtanding the Severity of the Froſt, the Houſes are kept warm by Ovens, as I obſerved in my former; they give an equal Heat, but are not to me ſo agreeable as *Engliſh* Fires, wherein, I think, is a kind of Cheerfulneſs that I prefer to this Method.

The Diet of *Ruſſia* is excellently good, and, in my Opinion, this Place is very fit for an Epicure; for in ſhort, Eating and Drinking take up a third Part of their Time.

Retire-

Retirement is my Delight; and when my little Ladies and I are together, I want no other Company nor Employment; when I have a leiſure Hour to my Self, I ſpend it in Reading.

VI

All the News I can ſend you, is, that the *Engliſh* Reſident gave a very elegant Entertainment on the King's Birth-Day, which concluded with a Ball. I was not at it, for my Dreſs is ſtill Brown Camlet, and I think that beſt for Retirement: I make up the Diſappointment of Feaſts, by attending a very polite Entertainment, that is, in Reading the *Spectator*. For, I really think I am now arrived to that Happineſs he ſo agreeably repreſents of being *leaſt Alone, when quite Alone*; on which I put this Conſtruction, that *Books are the beſt Companions*. Pardon my Prolixity; but as I am of the Sex who ſeldom are Conciſe, I intreat you to put on your

Manly Generoſity and forgive the Errors of your

Obliged humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

IV.

SIR,

PETERSBURG, 18 *May*, 1736.

THE Favours you have formerly beſtowed on me are what I can never forget, I therefore omit no Opportunity of acknowledging Them.

Was I not convinced of your real Merit I would not venture to write this, for I believe I have now wrote Ten Letters and have had no Anſwer. My Friends are equally unkind. I muſt own, that One Letter I have been favoured with from you affords me much Satisfaction, for I have the Vanity to believe you mean what you ſay. I think I may be allowed to complain, when my Siſter cannot find time to write

write once a Year to unhappy me. But bad News never wants for carrying, for there is a Gentleman in *England* who has wrote to his Correſpondent here, that Mr. JUSTICE is the Perſon who is under Confinement, and charged with the Robbery of the Library at *Cambridge*: This News arrived about Four Months ago, but my Maſter and Lady concealed it from me, as they do every thing that they think will give me any uneaſineſs; yet notwithſtanding their Care it came to my Ear, and that in a very abrupt Manner. I was from the unwelcome News much diſordered and not willing to believe it true, but there was in Three News Papers, immediately following, ſome Circumſtances that agreed with it; now I will leave you to judge what an Anxiety of Mind I muſt be in, not having any one Friend ſo generous as to inform me of ſo important an Affair. I can compare myſelf to nothing but a Perſon ſet Quick in the Ground, who ſees many

many things that would preſerve him, but can procure none of them; my leaving *England* in the Manner I did, and with a Reſolution to go Abroad, I muſt ſay had ſomething in it of the Daughter of CATO. Were my Afflictions nicely conſidered by a religious and honourable Man, I am ſure he would allow that my Conduct was not mean, when I was ſtruggling with the rough Waves of a turbulent Sea: Now, as I am willing, nay wiſh to be judged by the Juſt and Upright, I appeal to you whether I do not deſerve a Letter twice a Year from old *England.* This is the laſt I ſhall write till I hear from you; I find ſo great a Decay of my Reaſon that I am apprehenſive I ſhall ſoon be deprived of my Senſes, but while I remain in them I ſhall with pleaſure own I am,

Your obliged Friend

and humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

LETTERS

Concerning the Manuſcripts of

WILLIAM WALSH, Eſq;

To Mr. CURLL.

SIR,

MR. *White*, who I believe I have not the Honour to know, did very truly inform you, when he told you that I had ſeveral Manuſcripts of my Uncle WALSH's by me; for, to tell you the Truth, I have a good many: But ſeveral of them, as I take it, were written when he was very young; others at leiſure Hours, I believe, for Amuſement only, and not with any deſign to publiſh them. Indeed moſt of them are rather Sketches, or Outlines of ſome Deſign, than finiſhed Pieces. I dare not be inſtrumental in committing any of them to the Preſs without the

the approbation, and perhaps correction of ſome very judicious Friend.

I have not yet ſeen any of the Volumes of Mr. POPE's *Literary Correſpondence*, they being publiſhed ſince I left the Town; but I am in no pain for any thing of Mr. WALSH's that can come from that Quarter, being intirely ſatisfied that Mr. POPE would not print any thing that he did not know worthy of the Memory of his Friend, whoſe Character as a Critic, and a Man of Judgment, that Gentleman has raiſed to a very high Pitch, by the honourable and kind Mention he has made of him in his *Eſſay* on *Criticiſm*, and other his incomparable Works.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

W. BROMLEY.

WORCESTER,
Aug. 11, 1735.

II.

To Mr. CURLL.

SIR,

I have the Favour of yours of the 14th of *Auguſt*, and likewiſe one ſince of the 30th, to acknowledge; but as I have been a good deal upon the Ramble for theſe three Weeks laſt, I hope that will in ſome Meaſure plead my Excuſe for not having done it ſooner.

Since I wrote to you laſt, I have been looking over ſome of the MSS. you mention, and they really ſeem to be ſo very incorrect, that I cannot poſſibly prevail with myſelf to have any of them publiſhed. The Sentiments in ſome of them I believe are very well, and what he would not have been aſhamed of, but in other reſpects they are very deficient; and beſides, they have been written ſo long, and in ſo careleſs a manner, and with ſuch bad Ink that a great many of them are ſcarce legible.

I ſhould

I ſhould be obliged to you if you would ſend me the Three Volumes of Mr. POPE's *Literary Correſpondence* *, and when I come to Town, which I believe will be in a ſhort time, I will call upon you and pay for them.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

W. BROMLEY.

WORCESTER
Sept. 3. 1735.

* A *Fourth* Volume is Publiſhed.

N. B. *Mr.* White, *mentioned in the firſt of theſe Letters, is a very worthy Gentleman living in* Worceſterſhire. *It was he who gave me the Information where I might hear of Mr.* Walſh's *MSS. and accordingly I wrote to Mr.* Bromley *concerning them; but as he does not think any of them worthy his Uncle's Memory, he is highly to be commended for ſuppreſſing them. I only hereby beg leave to give Notice, that I have now reprinted a Correct and Beautiful Edition of Mr.* Walſh's *Pieces in Proſe and Verſe, Publiſhed in his Life Time, which I hope will prove Acceptable to the Public. I am obliged to a* Lady *for the following Pieces.*

E. CURLL.

SONNETS, &c.

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, *Eſq;*

I.

PHILLIS, we grieve not that Nature,
Forming Thee has done her Part;
And in ev'ry ſingle Feature,
Shewn the utmoſt of her Art.

II.

But in This, it is pretended,
That a mighty Grievance lies,
That thy Heart ſhould be defended,
Tho' Thou wound'ſt Us with Thy Eyes.

III.

Love's a ſenſeleſs Inclination,
Where no *Mercy*'s to be found;
But is Juſt where kind Compaſſion
Gives Us Balm to heal the Wound.

IV.

Perſians, paying ſolemn Duty,
To the riſing *Sun* inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
But in hopes to make Him kind.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

THO' *Celia*'s born to be Ador'd,
And *Strephon* to Adore her born,
In vain Her Pity is implor'd,
Who kills him Twice, with Charms and Scorn.

II.

Fair Saint, to your bleſt Orb repair,
And learn in Heav'n a Heav'nly Mind;
Thence hearken to a *Sinner's* Pray'r,
And be *leſs* Beauteous or *more* Kind.

PHILLIS's *Reſolution.*

I.

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
They hope no More to gain;
But You not only That deſire,
But aſk the Power to Reign.

II.

Think how unjuſt a Suit you make,
Then will you ſoon decline;
Your Freedom, when you pleaſe, pray take,
But Treſpaſs not on Mine.

III.

No more in vain, *Alcander* crave,
I ne'er will grant the Thing,
That He who once has been my Slave,
Should ever be my King.

To a LADY *who had reſolved againſt* MARRIAGE.

I Cannot, Madam, but congratulate
Your Reſolution for a *Single-State*:
Ladies who would live *undiſturb'd* and *free*,
Muſt never put on *Hymen*'s-Livery.
Perhaps its *Outſide* ſeems to promiſe *fair*,
Yet *underneath* is nothing elſe but *Care*.
If once you let the *Gordian*-Knot be ty'd,
Which turns the Name of *Virgin* into *Bride*,
That *one* fond *Act* your *Life*'s beſt *Scene* foregoes,
And leads you into Labyrinths of Woes;
Whoſe ſtrange Meanders you may ſearch about,
But never find the Clue that leads you out.
The *Marry'd Life* affords you little Eaſe,
The beſt of Huſbands is ſo hard to pleaſe.
This, in *Wives* careful Faces you may ſpell,
Tho' they diſſemble their Misfortunes well,
No Plague's ſo great as an *ill-ruling Head*,
But 'tis a Fate which few young Ladies dread:
For Love's inſinuating Fire they fan,
With ſweat Ideas of a God-like *Man*.
Cloe and *Phillis* glory'd in their Swains,
Aud ſung their Praiſes on the Neighb'ring Plains;
O! they were brave, accompliſh'd, charming *Men*,
Angels 'till marry'd, but meer *Devils* then.
Sure ſome reſiſtleſs Pow'r with *Cupid* ſides,
Or we ſhould have more *Virgins*, fewer *Brides*;
For *Single-lives* afford the moſt Content,
Secure and happy as they're Innocent:
Bright as *Olympus* crown'd with endleſs Eaſe,
And calm as *Neptune* on the *Halcyon*-Seas.

Your Sleep is broke with no Domeſtic Cares;
No ſqualling Children to diſturb your Pray'rs:
No Parting-Sorrows to extort your Tears,
No bluſt'ring Huſband to renew your Fears!
Therefore, dear *Madam*, let a Friend adviſe,
Love, and its idle *Deity* deſpiſe:
Suppreſs *Wild-Nature*, if it durſt rebel;
There's no ſuch Thing as leading *Apes* in *Hell*.

CLELIA *to* URANIA. *An* ODE.

I.

THE diſmal Regions which no Sun beholds,
Whilſt his Fires roll ſome diſtant World to cheer,
Which in dry Darkneſs, Froſt, and chilling colds,
Spend one long Portion of the dragging Year,
At his returning Infl'ence never knew
More Joy, than *Clelia*, when ſhe thinks of You.

II.

Thoſe Zealots who adore the riſing *Sun*
Would ſoon their daring Deity deſpiſe,
And with more warm, more true Devotion run,
To worſhip nobler Beams *Urania*'s Eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely Form Divine,
Where Rays more glorious, more attracting, ſhine.

III.

But, Ah! frail Mortals, tho' you may admire
At a convenient diſtance all her Charms,
Approach Them, and you'll feel a raging Fire,
Which ſcorches deep, and all your Pow'r diſarms;
Thus like th' *Arabian* Bird, your Care proceeds
From the bright Object, which your Pleaſure heeds.

Dean *SWIFT*

TO

Mr *POPE.*

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours, from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it; one thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt Friend-

ſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit my ſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembred by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my ſelf here —— *Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough, to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi,* unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your Happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your Favourites ſo indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your

Your notions of Friendſhip are new to me, I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt place in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Penny-worths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow-priſoners if I were condemned to a jayl. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of fools. I have often endeavour'd to eſtabliſh a friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four Cotemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hinder'd it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe: Under the name of Poets and Scribblers, I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be call'd ſo in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc eſt vita Solutorum, &c.* I ſend you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country houſe without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight Miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Opera and the Coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Congreve, and Gay---- I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you? I am ever,

Your, &c.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

December 10, 1725.

I Find my ſelf the better acquainted with you for a long Abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long Affliction: Abſence does but hold off a Friend to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which perhaps has been aggrandiz'd by the diſtance or dullneſs of Ireland (as objects look larger thro' a medium of Foggs), and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhowing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England.

We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be fill'd wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in it's ſervice. I would rather have thoſe, that out of ſuch generous principles, as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in it's face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the Great; my ſpleen is at the Little rogues of it: It would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piſs-pot, than by a Thunderbolt. As to great Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them, but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries —— this would provoke as dull a dog as Philips himſelf.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr L—— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Doctor not ſo: he loves miſchief the beſt of any good natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal:

tal; If ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of will be gratified by it; none more (be aſſured) than yours, &c.

To Dr ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſh'd yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have it's due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God)

the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid is impoſſible, and that the beſt Precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to inforce them. To attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterr'd. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear, of any thing elſe, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve 'em, 'tis evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out: yet ſuch as if all the world gave them, none I think will own, they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter; and as to private Villainy, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſſination, as in a Libel. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I ſhall not forfeit it; for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it, but if thro' miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satyriſts than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, tho' he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus; and allow me to remark it was out of the ſuffering Party too, that they favour'd and diſtinguiſh'd Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing my ſelf with Virgil and Horace, nay even with another Court-favourite, Boileau: I have always been too modeſt to imagine my Panegyrics were Incenſe worthy of a Court; and that I hope will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offer'd any. I would only have obſerv'd, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satyriſts were moſt encourag'd; and that then Poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſs'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſh'd.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which I know will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy.

LET-

LETTERS

TO, *and* FROM

Biſhop *ATTERBURY.*

Decemb. 1716.

I Return your Preface *, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one who reads it: And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould balance a moment about printing it----always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there, which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter: of which you your ſelf are the beſt and the only Judge. This is my ſincere Opinion, which I give becauſe you ask it: and which I would not give, tho' asked,

* Mr POPE's *General Preface* to his POEMS, Vol. I. printed 1717.

asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being ſenſible how improper it is on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in things of this nature; which I never underſtood well, and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhime, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion perhaps, but I am ſure without the leaſt prejudice: being my ſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this error if it be one; an error of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you: or if I do, ſhall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be,

Yours, &c.

The

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſh'd me, but what you have already ſaid to your ſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own Eaſe and Happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, (if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind) to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you, that there is no man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any way to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented in ſeveral places, as the title page of my third * edition pretends it to be. When

I

* The THIRD *Edition*, of MILTON's *Paradiſe Loſt*, was Reviſed and Augmented by the Author, and printed 1678, tho' all the Writers of his Life make him die 1674.

I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages alter'd and added by the author, beſide what you mention'd to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I us'd to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me, in the firſt of theſe, any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs, and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continu'd ſo ill that he receiv'd no meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to let me know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to your, &c.

The

The Anſwer.

My Lord, *Nov.* 20, 1717.

I Am truly oblig'd by your kind condolance on my Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this accident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my Spiritual and my Temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a Parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent: But that was not my only tye; I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi* ---- and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

---- *nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſure it is a virtuous one. At leaſt I am more certain that it is a Duty of Nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any Speculative point whatever.

----- *ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli*
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this Separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did of the ſucceſs of ſuch an Adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive Divinity.) Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, I mean as well in the Religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in any other. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly advis'd me to read the beſt Books of Controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old: for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the ſecond: I warm'd my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found my ſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read, I am afraid moſt Seekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as out-witted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily

believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another; and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God and live in peace with their Neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy; that I have any talents for Active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſreliſh of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd ſo, for to me it always ſeem'd to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*, I'll tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my Politics, I think no farther than how to preſerve the peace of my life in any Government under which I live; nor in my Religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly

rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater Inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes or States. I am a Catholic, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not: I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties! You ſee my Lord, I end like a preacher: but this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

Mr POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr Gay, as inſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health, and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promis'd to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticize from Virgil to theſe Tales, as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a Prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you. The fate of the South-ſea Scheme has, ſooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepar'd for it, no man conſider'd it would come *like a Thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſh'd the Avaritious as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued, became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined

imagined they had, (among whom is your humble ſervant) I would have them ſenſible of their felicity; and convinc'd of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who after half his eſtate was ſwallowed up by the Directors of thoſe days, reſolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt.

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the univerſal Poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal Avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The Univerſal deluge of the South-ſea, contrary to the old deluge, has drown'd all except a few *unrighteous* men. But it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with a thought of Dr Arbuthnot's: he ſays the Government and South-ſea company have only lock't up the money of the people upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is uſual in caſe of Lunatics), and intend to reſtore 'em as much as may be fit for ſuch people as faſt as they ſhall ſee 'em return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much honour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt both be proud and pleas'd in a great degree; but I aſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt. For I certainly know and feel in my own heart, which truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleas'd, is that you continue your favour toward me: the beſt I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a Phyſician as does not only *repair* but *improve*. I am with the ſincereſt eſteem and acknowledgment, Your, &c.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales and Mr Gay's books I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter, for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I return'd hither from Weſtminſter on ſaturday night laſt; it has found it's way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing: This is the firſt letter that I have

have ventur'd upon, which will be written I fear *vaccilantibus literis*, as Tully ſays Tyro's Letters were after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you: it is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may in a few words ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves.

JOHANNI DRYDENO.

Cui Poëſis Anglicana
Vim ſuam, ac Veneres debet;
Et ſiqua in poſterum augebitur laude,
Eſt adhuc debitura:
Honoris ergo P. &c.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you your ſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's Name only below, and his Buſto above, may not lines like theſe be grav'd juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus-----

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is Impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo Romantic an air, and allowing for the difference of Eaſtern manners, are, yet upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them they

they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportion'd, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object. They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images; but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance: and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell; but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of Dreſs, Furniture, *&c.* I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read 'em over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a Prophet in reſpect of the South-ſea, ſorry I mean as far as your loſs is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that had the project taken root and flouriſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned, it muſt have borne down all before it ----- But of the dead we muſt

ſpeak

ſpeak gently: and therefore as Mr Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to it's Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventur'd, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good, and a good natur'd man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not (I perſuade my ſelf) be perfectly eaſy. Adieu and believe me ever Your, &c.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26.

YOU are not your ſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe my ſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recover'd it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your * Verſes, and with the freedom of an honeſt, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's but yours, yet as they

* Epitaph on Mr Harcourt.

they are yours and to be own'd as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet: and might, if follow'd by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſh'd fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oft'ner it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath your ſelf: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and you may be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho' I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily, and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have ſent Dr Arbuthnot the Latin M S. † which I could not find when you left me; and am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of

† Of Huetius, left after his Death.

of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd----- what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay ----- but all he ſays is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis?
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes.

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of Truth and Falſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſh'd from each other? Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can,) we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my reaſon, with a dog for his inſtinct to morrow.

Lord

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT *to Mr* POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1717.

I Cannot but ſuſpect my ſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and I aſſure myſelf you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, *&c.* *deny'd* is capable in my opinion of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great eaſineſs, or more good nature than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your

your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd
to ſpeak.

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without farther diſcourſing you, reconcile my ſelf to the firſt part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I perſuade my ſelf for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you,) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

EPITAPH as it was erected 1720.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
O! let thy once lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And with a Father's ſorrow mix his own!

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to *Mr* POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confin'd to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unleſs when company to whom I cannot excuſe my ſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

—— inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?

" If theſe things be done in the green " tree, what ſhall be done in the dry." Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of ſcripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oft'ner; tho' I am afraid you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr Waller;

Waller; and poſſeſs'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la Malade*, had you not beſtow'd it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember 'em, becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhimes and words [appear and clear] that the couplet but one after that does —— and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So Light'nings in a ſtormy Air,
Scorch more than when the Sky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true: for at preſent, I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr Prior to his grave, elſe I would have done it to have ſhew'd his friends that I had forgot

got and forgiven what he wrote on me *. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spenſer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet † he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him ſhou'd never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleas'd to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet I am ſure I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, &c.

* Alluding to this Epigram on his Burying the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*.

I have no hopes --- the Duke he ſays and dies;
In ſure and certain Hopes --- the Prelate cries:
Of theſe *two* learned *Peers*, I prithee ſay Man,
Who is the *lying* Knave, the *Prieſt* or *Layman?*
The *Duke* he ſtands an *Infidel* confeſt,
He's our dear Brother --- quoth the Lordly *Prieſt*,
The *Duke*, tho' Knave, ſtill *Brother Dear* he cries,
And who can ſay the Rev'rend Prelate lies?

† To me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n
To live: Alas one Moment ſets us even,
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday evening to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet I foreſee it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning: and before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire; and God knows that is far from being the caſe. For I never part from this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii* or *Seboſi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been

been ſick I know of ſome late tranſactions, but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London-journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require, my attendance at Weſtminſter; where I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtic. In ſhort I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now I thank God as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe, but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be

diſcourag'd from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpeare ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you I think have been dabling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that plea- any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die.

Yours, &c.

P. S. Mr Addiſon's Works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by * a dead man † to a dead man; and even that the new ‖ patron to whom Mr Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſh'd. Had I been in the Editor's place I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for my ſelf, under a thought that every

* Mr Addiſon. † Mr Crsggs. ‖ Lord Warwick.

every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee when I am converſing with you I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PErmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a compleat copy of thoſe verſes on Mr Addiſon *; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution which ſhall punctually be obſerv'd in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it has pleaſed every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneer'd at in a line or ſo for the ſake of the pleaſure I

* An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's ſurprize, who never would give any.

ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talked my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleas'd ſometimes to read what was written by his humble Servant.

Mr POPE *to Biſhop* ATTERBURY.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanery, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which I think you no leſs account your own,

own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your power it's protector. Tho' the noiſe and daily buſtle for the public be now over, I dare ſay a good man is ſtill tendring it's welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquility than I, who know you ſhould underſtand the value of it: but I don't wiſh you a jot leſs concern'd or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and therefore warm deſires for public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Viſiter, but your Lodger, and I accuſe my ſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend: As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo, (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what I think I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem my ſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhou'd be troubled a-new by any ſort of people.

I heartily wiſh, *quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas* ----- that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination ſoever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo I hope every day that we live: for to tell you the truth I like you as I like my ſelf, beſt, when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engag'd in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never lov'd it: and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, 'tis in *Angulo cum Libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt ſtill be ſpent, far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any poſt or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may

may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe. Let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be ſo taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing. I am, &c.

* In his Lady's laſt ſickneſs.

Mr POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extreamly ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to youſelf on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I

am

am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is, in you, inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, to ſhew you in a point of view the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

O keep me innoceut, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthen'd in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to it's vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion).

The

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retir'd, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy your ſelf (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the Deſart. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly tho' taken from his worſt work)

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord C* or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, no body ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay, with more willing acquieſcence, (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

* Carteret.

From

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNder all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinc'd, that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter my ſelf ſometimes with the thought, that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy —— however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll ſee no body but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to Stateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and

I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only: A Preſident of the council, or a Star and Garter will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a Puppet-ſhow. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſometime ago — *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The Time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolv'd for my part to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more Virtue and leſs Pride: and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward Trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking — when I ſat down to write I intended only to excuſe my ſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I muſt diſlodge. I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a Vault in the Abbey for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the

Abbey,

Abbey, becauſe of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it; as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Yours, &c.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my pow'r, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effac'd.

Lord

Lord * has preſs'd me terribly to ſee him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſh'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my ſundial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will as far as I am able, follow it's advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply my ſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induc'd to let me be quiet, and live to my ſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like: For that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; tho' I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know

* Bolingbroke.
* Dawley.

know how I have rambled into this account of my ſelf; when I ſat down to write I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation at the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain your ſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I; for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: Nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me.

I am, &c.

From

From the ſame.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſir'd? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head: as I ſuppoſe I might have done if you had found him.

I am ſick of theſe Men of quality: and the more ſo, the oftner I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſs'd in the coach about Sampſon Agoniſtes. I ſhan't preſs you as to time, but ſometime or other, I wiſh you would re-

view, and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of Tragick poetry —— always allowing for it's being a ſtory taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that at this time of day, I know is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

Mr POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

July, 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham, as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the Vanity of human Glory. ------

The Ducheſs's letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe. I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore

fore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one Friend] Your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and chriſtian plainneſs, tell her that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of Friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an Inſcription in the antient way, plain, pompous, and yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it: And ſo I hope ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's Honour be preſerv'd, and my Integrity alſo: which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or Diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never ſo much as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make, from common buſineſs to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature: Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho'

not ſo much as I ought. I am pleas'd with thoſe latin verſes extreamly, which are ſo very good that I thought 'em yours, till you call'd 'em an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *diſjecti membra poëtæ*. I won't pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civilleſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have 'em. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, *&c.* before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to,

Your, &c.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Ducheſs juſt as you deſir'd, and referr'd her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather, becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you your ſelf ſhould not have induc'd me to

to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay: eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concern'd, but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanery, and I believe I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid Duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that † laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to my ſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quanda ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſollocitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus & capiti in-humato
Particulam dare —
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſome where in *Hamlet* to this requeſt, which you remem-

† This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722.

ber tho' I don't---- *Poor Ghoſt thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!* —— or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well. I ſhould always, could I always be here-----

----- *Sed me*
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, tho' at twenty miles diſtance from you,

Te veniente die, Te decedente, requiro.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Dear Sir, *The* Tower, *April* 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all inſtances of your friendſhip, both before, and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will compleat them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs

to

to me; and will pleaſe my ſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell you ſo: as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me: which was much to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of Triumph, tho' ſure of the Victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary toward the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanery, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing Plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider------ You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not

part with you now till I have clos'd this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will (I know) readily, and not without ſome degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The World was all before him where to chooſe
His place of reſt, and Providence his guide.

The Anſwer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye, which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you:

you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper, or even the wiſh of a friend, muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare to tell my eſteem and affection for you, to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove your ſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do your ſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice. The inſtruments of your fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the publick even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon: is it not the latter, the diſgrac'd part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd.

I am

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But God knows I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope, that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftner or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs, that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent Spirits, who, tho' we never ſee or hear them, we think are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me: and every time that I think of you, I believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be

but

but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſh'd me, how cordially you have adviſed me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you. In my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the Friendſhip of the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

May 2, 1725.

ONce more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the laſt! the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that Sleep of the ſoul which ſome have believ'd is to ſucceed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we

we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity: and perhaps at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critique on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſoper both, and the chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility: and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but

all

all Mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which it's participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it: To ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the moſt; in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but revenge will never harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men whoſe thoughts and whoſe minds are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another life, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality, where the Paſſions and Affections are much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean Retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; therefore

fore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you: But take care, that it be not with Pity, but with Eſteem and Admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your Fame as well as Happineſs,

Your, &c.

The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into Exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM *to Mr* POPE.

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſpute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excuſable (at an age alas of not much pleaſure) to amuſe my ſelf a little in taking notice of a controverſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious ſubject of it, and of the two perſons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric kind of Poetry even in the opinion of his very adverſary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great Learning,

Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her Sex, for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue: and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity it ſelf, have been more outragious or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under debate: I wiſh for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertain'd by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. Madam Dacier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerv'd a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this task as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of Tapeſtry is able to repreſent

preſent the right) but ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo inamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyric poetry, was ſo far introduc'd by her into thoſe beauties of the Epic kind, (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extreamly tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for Vanity on all occaſions; he was not content to out-do Madam Dacier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet I muſt needs ſay his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſake he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retain'd 'em only out of meer veneration; his judgment in my opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of humane nature.

And now we are wond'ring, I am in a difficulty to gueſs, what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer. from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular in getting above the title of a Tranſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himſelf: though no man

in this age ſeems more capable of being a good one, if the *French* tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much skill and taſte both, as the being throughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare*: Since as good a Poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer, ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter, (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a War is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spainoletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even

Hector's

Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his inrag'd adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

Madam Dacier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam Dacier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſh'd out of his common-wealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him, as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt

admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to an excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, it's being in a Cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering by never ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is it's being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties

ties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her husband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are beſides for the moſt part leſs her own, of which her remarks upon Homer are an example; where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth or learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek Scholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forc'd me to ſee them: yet I had ſo much French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for whereever I have found her notes to be wholly anothers, (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but

what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to Mr. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tanſlation before by Monſieur de la Valtaire, ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none, in the other: But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate or ſenſible, than Mr de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants ev'n in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the

ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhou'd have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew my ſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it, in my notes on that Book. And to ſave my ſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may: But I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think

" an imminent and real one, and I promiſe " you I'll be as much afraid as any of " you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

Madam DACIER's *Reflections on Mr* POPE's *Account of* HOMER *in his Preface to the* ILIAD.

UPON the finiſhing of the *ſecond Edition* of my tranſlation of *Homer*, a particular friend ſent me a tranſlation of part of Mr Pope's preface to his verſion of the ILIAD. As I do not underſtand *Engliſh*, I cannot form any judgment of his performance, tho' I have heard much of it. I am indeed willing to believe, that the praiſes it has met with are not unmerited, becauſe whatever Work is approved by the *Engliſh* nation, cannot be bad; but yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that part of the Preface which has been tranſmitted to me, and I here take the liberty of giving my ſentiments thereon. I muſt freely acknowledge, that Mr Pope's *invention* is very lively, tho' he ſeems to have been guilty of the ſame fault into which he owns we are often precipitated by our *invention*, when we depend too much upon the ſtrength of it: *As magna-*

magnanimity, says he, *may run up to profusion and extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness.*

This has been the very case of Mr *Pope* himself; nothing is more overstrained or more false than the Images in which his fancy has represented HOMER: Sometimes he tells us, that the ILIAD is a "*wild Paradise, where, if we cannot see all the Beauties, as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater.*" Sometimes he compares him to "*a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind*"; and lastly, he represents him under the notion of a "*mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes and produces the finest fruit, but bears too many branches, which might be lopped into form, to give it a more regular appearance*".

What! Is *Homer*'s Poem then, according to Mr *Pope*, a confused heap of Beauties, without order or symmetry; a plat whereon nothing but seeds, nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a production loaded with many unprofitable things, which ought to be retrenched, and which choak or disfigure those which ought to be preserved?

The

The moſt inveterate enemies to *Homer*, never ſaid any thing more injurious, or more unjuſt, againſt that Poet.

As I have defended him, with pretty good ſucceſs, againſt the cavils of ſo many ignorant Cenſors, who have condemn'd him becauſe they did not underſtand him. I find my ſelf again obliged to defend him againſt the reproaches of one of greater penetration, and may therefore do him more injury in the minds of unlearned readers, tho' at the ſame time he pretends to have a great Veneration for him.

Mr *Pope* will pardon me then, if I here oppoſe theſe three compariſons, which to me appear very falſe, and entirely contrary to what the greateſt, antient, and modern critics ever thought.

To the point then, the ILIAD is ſo far from being a wild paradiſe, that it is the moſt regular garden, and laid out with more ſymmetry than any ever was. Monſieur *le Noſtre* *, who was the firſt man of the world in his art, never obſerved in his gardens a more perfect or more admirable ſymmetry, than *Homer* has obſerved in his poems. Every thing therein, is not only in the place it ought to have, but every thing is made for the place it hath. He preſents you at *firſt* with that which ought to

* Gardiner to Lewis XIV. He laid out the Gardens of Verſailles, Marli, &c.

to be *firſt* ſeen, he places in the *middle* what ought to be in the *middle*, and what would improperly be, at the *beginning* or *end*; and he removes what ought to be at a greater diſtance, to create the more agreeable ſurprize; and, to uſe a compariſon drawn from painting, he places that in the greateſt *light* which cannot be too *viſible*, and ſinks, in the obſcurity of the *ſhade*, what does not require *a full view*: ſo that it may be ſaid, that *Homer* is the painter who beſt knew how to employ the ſhades and lights, and it was this wonderfully beauteous order which *Horace* admired in his poems, and on which he founded his rules for the perfecting of the *Art* of *Poetry*.

The *ſecond* compariſon is as unjuſt: How could Mr *Pope* ſay, that one can only diſcover, "*Seeds and the firſt productions of* "*every kind in the* ILIAD?" Every beauty is therein to ſo great a perfection, that the following ages could add nothing to thoſe of any kind; and the antients have always propoſed *Homer* as the moſt perfect model in all kinds of poetry.

The *third* compariſon is compoſed of the errors of the *two* former; *Homer* had certainly an incomparable fertility of invention, but his fertility is always checked by that juſt ſenſe, which made him reject every ſuperfluous thing which his vaſt imagination could offer him, to retain only what was uſeful or neceſſary

neceſſary. Judgment guided the hand of this admirable gardiner, and was the pruning-hook he employ'd to lop off every uſeleſs Branch; he has done what *Horace* directs.

Inutileſque falce ramos amputans feliciores inſerit.

Mr *Pope* had done us a great piece of ſervice, if he had pointed out the *uſeleſs* Branches that ought to be lopp'd from this tree. The *ſymmetry* which ought to be given to that wild garden to render it more *regular* and the *perfection* which is wanting to the ſeveral beauties, he ſays *Homer* has only *ſketched out*; it would be very happy for the preſent age, and glorious to *England*, to have produced ſo perfect a critic.

Now I have defended *Homer*, I muſt alſo defend myſelf againſt a criticiſm he has made upon a part of my *Preface*; where ſpeaking of the manners of *Homer*'s Heroes, ſo like thoſe of the Patriarchs, I have ſaid, *I find theſe antient times ſo much the finer, as they the leſs reſemble our own.* Upon this Mr *Pope* exclaims, *Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour, as to magnify their felicity, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty reigned through the world, when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt Princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made*

ſlaves

ſlaves and concubines? Mr *Pope* ſure miſtook me!

When I ſaid ſo, could I mean that the manners of theſe heroical times were *perfect* and without *fault!* Were they ſo in more happy times! Were there no tokens then of cruelty or revenge! Were there no captives made! Were there no kings put to the ſword! Were there no concubines ſeen among them! And ſince the chriſtian religion has taught a more perfect morality, was there never a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty ſeen amongſt Chriſtians! Do they not make no more priſoners of War! and do not they redeem them! Was there never a concubine, or ſomething worſe, ſeen among them! Did all theſe vices, which Mr *Pope* blames thoſe antient times for, hinder nature from being then very plain, far from the luxury, pomp, and effeminacy which have corrupted the following ages! Are not theſe manners of *Homer*'s Heroes very like thoſe of the Patriarchs, and very unlike theſe of our own time! I might then ſay, that *thoſe times and manners ſeemed ſo much the more excellent to me, as they leſs reſemble thoſe of our own.* Durſt Mr *Pope* himſelf prefer the manners of the preſent age to thoſe of the antient times! no, without doubt; for ſix lines after he embraces my opinion, which he had blamed: *I find*, ſays he, *a pleaſure in obſerving the ſimplicity*

of

of that age, in oppoſition to the pomp and luxury of the following ages. One may then, according to his own ſenſe, prefer thoſe ages of natural ſimplicity to theſe that are corrupted with pomp and luxury.

I own I did not expect to find my ſelf attacked by Mr *Pope*, in a *Preface* wherein I might have expected ſome ſmall token of acknowledgment, or at leaſt ſome ſlight approbation; for having been ſo happy as to think on ſeveral things in the way he himſelf does, eſpecially in the manners of the antients, after I had ſaid in my *Preface*, "That *Princes tended their flocks. That "Princeſſes drew water at the ſpring,*" and brought examples to prove this from the holy ſcriptures, and the *Roman* hiſtory itſelf, I conclude with theſe words: *I love to ſee* Juno *dreſſing herſelf without the trinkets of a toilet, or the aſſiſtance of a waiting woman; it is the ſame with the Heroes as with the Gods, one ſees neither Footmen, nor Valets de Chambre, nor Guards about* ACHILLES, AGAMEMNON, *&c.* HERCULES *and* THESEUS *had none of theſe.* Mr POPE ſays the ſame thing, *There is a pleaſure in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending* their flocks, and Princeſſes drawing water *from the ſprings.*

I am overjoyed to find that Mr *Pope* is as much in love with the ſimplicity of the antient times as I am; it is a token that he abhors

abhors the pomp and luxury of our own, and gives me reaſon to hope, that a little reflection will induce him to approve what I have ſaid, and he has ſo unjuſtly condemned.

I could remark upon ſeveral other things in his *Preface* *, but I have not the leiſure at preſent that this would require; however, I cannot conclude without correcting *two* conſiderable errors Mr *Pope* is fallen into; The *firſt*, when ſpeaking of the FABLE, he ſays, HOMER *created a moving world for himſelf in the Invention of the fable*, or words to that effect. What does he mean by

* This Preface of Madam DACIER was written long before Mr POPE wrote *his*, and I think the lady is very modeſt when he uſes her own words, to ſay that *ſhe* was happy in having *thought* as *he* did; tho' it is plain that he borrowed this *Thought* from her: And the Approbation of Mr Fraguier, who certainly was a good Judge, gives her an Encomium, that ſhews ſhe is both an excellent Tranſlatreſs and Critic, as all the world indeed owns her to be, except the *Illiterati*, who preſume to run her down, that the public may not perceive how they enrich themſelves with her ſpoils. I ſhall here inſert the Approbation abovementioned *verbatim*.

I have, by Order of my Lord Chancellor, read the ILIAD of *Homer*, tranſlated into *French*, with Remarks by Madam DACIER, and I think that this Tranſlation, (wherein the Beauties of the Original are ſo perfectly found) will be both an Honour to our Nation, and the preſent Age. Given at *Paris* this 1ſt Day of *December*, 1710.

Signed FRAGUIER.

by this! when PLATO tells us, that *when* GOD *created time, he created a moving image of Eternity.* I underſtand that Language, it preſents an idea to my mind, which I conceive, and find to be juſt and fine; but *to create a moving world in the intention of the Fable,* is a confuſed idea, which I can neither unravel nor underſtand; beſides, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of truth, to affirm that HOMER invented the FABLE; it is much antienter, was invented long before his time, and he found the uſe of it wholly eſtabliſhed, as I have ſhewn in my *Preface* to the ODYSSEY; for HOMER's *Fable* is not at all different from the *Fables* of ÆSOP, as thoſe are not all different from ſuch as were in uſe a long time before him. All that HOMER has done, is, that he has built his *Epic Fable* on that firſt *Fable,* and extending it by his *Epiſodes,* gave it a Grandeur proportionable to his own views and deſigns; it is for this reaſon that ARISTOTLE calls the *Fable, the Compoſition of things,* and ſays, very juſtly, that it is the *Soul of the Poem.*

The *ſecond* Error, which is not leſs material, is, when ſpeaking of poetical manners, Mr POPE ſays, *As there is more variety of Characters in the* ILIAD, *ſo there is of Speeches, than in any other Poem. Every thing in it has Manners* (as *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it) *that is, every thing is acted or*

ſpoken

ſpoken. Nothing can be more repugnant to the Doctrine of that Philoſopher, he never ſaid that any one Thing has *Manners*, that is, that it is either *acted* or *ſpoken*. He ſays, on the contrary, that there are Diſcourſes *without* Manners, and that in his Time there were many *Tragedies* without Manners, and yet there were both *Action* and *Diſcourſe* in theſe *Dramas*: this is a ſure Sign that *Manners* are neither *Actions* nor *Diſcourſes*, ſince *Diſcourſes* and *Actions* may be *without* Manners. What are *Manners* then, according to ARISTOTLE? *Manners*, ſays he, *are what diſcover the Inclination of the Perſon who ſpeaks, and the ſide he will take upon any accident wherein it would not be eaſy to find him out: therefore all Diſcourſes that do not let you at firſt diſcover what he that ſpeaks will reſolve himſelf to do, are without Manners.* It is aſtoniſhing that Mr POPE has not underſtood a thing which is ſo clearly explain'd in ARISTOTLE's *Art of Poetry*, and in my *Preface* to the ODYSSEY. I refer that learned Man to theſe *two Works*, wherein he may ſatisfy himſelf concerning this Point.

The Faults I blame him for, are ſo trivial, that they ought not to hinder the *Engliſh* Nation from expecting from this *new Poet* the great advantages which are to be hoped for, from a *Reformer* of HOMER. So

bright a Man will not confine himſelf to perfect only the *Art of Epic Poeſy*, that would be a trifling matter: No; he will perfect the *Art of Politics!* much more valuable and more important than that of *Epic Poeſy*. A man capable to correct HOMER, will be able to form the Manners of Men; ALCIBIADES was of this opinion, for a *Grammarian* having made his brags before him, that he had in his cloſet an HOMER corrected with his own hand, *What! Friend*, ſaid he, *art thou capable to correct* HOMER? *and doſt thou waſte thy time in teaching* Children? *why doſt thou not apply thy ſelf to form the* Manners *of* Men.

Of what infinite conſequence then, will Mr POPE be to a State, ſince he can reform HOMER!

Anne le Fevre Dacier.

LETTERS
OF
Mr BLOUNT *to Mr* POPE.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtile that ſhows you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek Hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly ſee you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and Zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man, that pretends to get to

Heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word) I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery: and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoycing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my

my country; and my morals and politics, teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor Papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in our ſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was great with Mr Pope.

I am, &c.

From the ſame.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure, and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you

pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been open'd in the North? what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble our ſelves about politics, but when any matter happen'd to fall into our diſcourſe, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity: how many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forc'd to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are oblig'd to liſten to the ſecond;

cond; which for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Aticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be like him engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find my ſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which I am perſuaded brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner and with all ſincerity,

Your, &c.

Mr BLOUNT died at London, 1726.

LETTERS
OF
Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

Coleſhill. Apr. 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow, we have a curioſity to peep at 'em and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendour at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are in enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never

ver believe; our uninform'd minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendour to her; and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh rogue, and hug our ſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

May 21, 1270.

YOUR letter which I had two poſts ago was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, 'till after reading your letter I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you: Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater

joy

joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very ſincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes however to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two Eſſays you mention are not compleated; but if you expect no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoyce with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges breath is beyond all perfume; and the ſong of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and ſee all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of theſe at Twickenham while I was there with you,

by

by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you? if I see you I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my project of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and (I fear) of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is I find quite changed since I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a Philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no

no ſuch diſeaſe any more as ſpleen in this new golden age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoyce in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you eared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden Age, for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhower'd down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muſes delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I can't but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts.

I know

I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is set up and worshipped, and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this Inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, tho' assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any Spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the publick Spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common-wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suf-

fered

fered in the South Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But I hope the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your ſufferings; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment. I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; 'till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe.

cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf your, &c.

Mr DIGBY *to Mr* POPE.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new Idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and as I think of a right mind. what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing her it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and

and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you. So truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet I own it wou'd grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health hath for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling it's warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out in action. But I hope I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, tho' not ſo well grounded; theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord,

whom

whom I love! indeed I remember him as one that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have Honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now; that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room left to aſk you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the Broculi and the Fenochio? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had

of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

To the Hon. EDWARD DIGBY.

April 29, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words expreſs what part I bear in your ſuffering. Nature and eſteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tye of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than my ſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue, which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandiſe our ſenſation of it's being removed from our ſight, from our affection and

and from our imitation. The friendſhip and ſociety of good men does but compleat their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arriv'd to their degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof; providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that ſo much wants them as long as in it's juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be with thoſe who have meant well and have acted well to that meaning; and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, juſt as we think he would have done: ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and more in our lives and manners. I hope when we ſhall meet him next we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be ever more ſeparated from him. I will add but one word (that relates to what remains of your ſelf and me ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone) it is to beg you to accept as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warm-

ly his and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is while I continue to be

A. P.

The honourable Robert Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with the following Epitaph written by the Author.

Go! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modeſt Wiſdom, and pacific Truth:
Compos'd in Suff'rings, and in Joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without Pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy Word; in ev'ry Wiſh ſincere;
Who knew no Wiſh but what the World might hear:
Of ſofteſt Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal Year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

LETTERS

TO

HUGH BETHEL, Eſq; &c.

From 1723 to 1735.

July 12, 1723.

I Aſſure you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendlineſs is moſt welcome to me, who know thoſe tenders of affection from you, are not like the common traffic of compliments and profeſſions, which moſt people only give that they may receive; and is at beſt a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falſehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the ſort of good offices you offer: but if I did want 'em, I ſhou'd not think my ſelf unhappy in receiving 'em at your hands: this really is ſome compliment, for

I would rather moſt men did me a ſmall injury, than a kindneſs. I know your humanity, and allow me to ſay, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I ſee the world ſo fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally moſt admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand: much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a Ditch or on a Terras; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances.----Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſes for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning

turning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book * wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about Truth, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about Health when Dr Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

* Mr WOLLASTON's Religion of Nature delineated.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination that I am much employ'd by other people. For tho' my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the high-way ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed

without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. † as on the fate of a mortal man: Eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others, whoſe neglect of him whom they ſo groſsly follow'd and flatter'd in the former ſcene of his life, ſhew'd them as worthleſs as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt enemies believ'd of him. For my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſsneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you cou'd have no great value for this Great Man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entring under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the

† The Earl of Cadogan, who died July 17, 1726.

the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pull'd up, that I remember'd ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf, ſo many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes you tell me you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any one is in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: The ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loſs of Mr Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions, but a good mind rewards it's own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am

of

of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me docoret lachrymis* —— I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding City. I am only to ſtay out my leaſe, for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. —— Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and conſiderate, (things few People can be charged with.) Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing ſometimes to you, than thinking often of you. I know the world too well, not to value you; who are an example of acting, living and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can riſe no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the many ſhe has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſitory as this Light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe that will live for me, or conſume itſelf in

in my ſervice. But I wou'd have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it coſts us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay or ſhe at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be diſturbed for many things in this world; but thoſe offices that are neceſſary duties either to our friends or our ſelves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and eaſe of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the higheſt pleaſure; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themſelves ever ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be own'd, one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſeeing ſo often the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) thro' their own means. But ſtill I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event * which has juſt now happened, puts the whole world (I mean

* King George I. died June 10, 1727.

(I mean this whole world) into a new ſtate: The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the Diſparity of men from themſelves in a weeks time: the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures: and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſollicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while, as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Yours, &c.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publiſhing of my Boyiſh Letters to Mr Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and I am ſure my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there's in it; but a little too

too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtuctive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any Letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt after my death by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of my ſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of diſſipation dye apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſenſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence

dence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Diſagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſh'd long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt intirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyrick, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs it. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere Eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own Condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent *, which really would have troubled you; or

* Mrs Pope died the ſeventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which would not have ſuited that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am therefore wandring about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twitenham ſince the occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe maſter is your ſervant) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our freind, who deſerves more quiet and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradice. I heartily hope Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral and phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: There will be in it one line * that may offend you, (I fear) and yet I will

* Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her Fires!
On Air or Sea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs *Bethel!* to relieve thy breaſt?

I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny my ſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor Poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach; beſides, that in this age, I have too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am.

Adieu.

To Mr FENTON.

May 5, 1717.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive a man *de Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquility and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life (which in my taſte will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will

enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope for you?

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muſes have put ſo many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your queſtion, what I am doing? I anſwer, juſt what I have been doing ſome years, my duty: ſecondly, relieving my ſelf with neceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſerve me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company. My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing my beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honeſt men, who think me not quite undeſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know my ſelf. I will add the ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undeſigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

A. POPE.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr *Elijah Fenton*, at *Eſthampſtead* in *Berks*, 1730 *

This modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, *Here lies an honeſt Man.*
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and Here
Saw nothing to regret, or There to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had Liv'd, and that he Dy'd.

A. POPE.

* See *Craſhaw*'s Epitaph on Mr *Aſhton*, p. 122 of his Poems, to whom Mr POPE forgot to acknowledge his Obligation for this Compliment paid Mr *Fenton*.

On Mr ASHTON, a *conformable* Citizen.

The modeſt Front of this ſmall Floor,
Believe me Reader, can ſay more:
Than many a braver Marble can
Here lies a truly honeſt Man.
One whoſe Conſcience was a Thing
That troubled neither Church nor King.
Peace, which he lov'd in Life, did lend
Her Hand to bring him to his End:
When Age and Death call'd for the Score
No Surfeits were to reckon for.
Death *tore* not, therefore, but *ſans* Striſe
Gently *untwin'd* his *Thread of Life.*

R. CRASHAW.

To JABEZ HUGHES, Eſq;

SIR,

I Have read over again your brother's play *, with more concern and ſorrow than I ever felt in the reading any Tragedy.

The real loſs of a good man may be called a diſtreſs to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient diſtreſs, how finely drawn ſoever.

I am glad of an Occaſion to give you, under my Hand, this teſtimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the Author,

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

* The *Siege* of *Damaſcus*, written by *John Hughes*, Eſq; who died *Feb.* 17, 1719, the firſt Night of it's Repreſentation.

To Mr * ——

Sept. 17.

THE gayety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the Devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret.* But your *Circuit* will at leaſt procure you one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, Health. What an advantagious circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling; you like a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor Squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the

 while.

* Forteſcue (*or* Murray, *utrum horum*, &c.) on the Circuit.

while, Your letter of the Cauſe lately before you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion if you continued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of grave and ſad men, Mr Baron S. Lord Chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithſtanding the precedent of an eminent Judge.

Yours, &c.

To

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[*In anſwer to a Letter, in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe written by him to the D. of* Shrewſbury.]

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay, two houſes; as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe if any of his cotemporary authors durſt have inform'd the public where they lodg'd, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as thoſe of Fleetſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodgings at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota* —— an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm, but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I

think he would have talk'd ſo feelingly of the ſhortneſs of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have chang'd both his Houſes for your Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter; and muſt be own'd to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make, by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detach'd one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me if I ſay nothing of the Front, indeed I don't know which it is? A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed

who

who endeavour'd to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect, after the entry through the Porch, to be let into the Hall; alas nothing leſs! you find your ſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find it's altars like thoſe of the Ancients, continually ſmoaking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank'd on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: The walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty match-lock muſket or two, which we were informed had ſerved in the civil wars. Here is a vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutchions of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſh'd with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece, owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her

her life. After this, who can ſay glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think, that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a Family ſhould lie at the mercy of every boy that flings a ſtone. In former days, there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by Uſhers, Sewers, and Senêchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an Owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. It's contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mil-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally, as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them. Theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand or other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy; then follow a brewhouſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by the ſide of it, up ſix

ſteps,

ſteps, the old Lady's cloſet for her private devotions, which has a lettice into the hall; that at the ſame time ſhe pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead or a cyder-preſs.

The Kitchen is built in form of a Rotunda, being one vaſt Vault to the top of the roof; where the ſame aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoak and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms, you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In moſt of theſe there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels:

Were

Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of packet boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain Rats whoſe very age renders them worthy of this ſeat, for the very Rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant the poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtance left them, in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I have deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walk'd out of it's frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellar. He informed us where ſtood the triple rows of buts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hog-

ſheads

ſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, "with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once "maſter of all this drink! He had two "ſons, poor young maſters! who never ar- "rived to the age of his beer; they both fell "ill in this very room, and never went out "on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone-ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it was a generous principle, to preſerve the memory

mory of that, which it ſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay, perhaps part of it before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant? and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof? Any one who ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the Dead. I had been to blame indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with ſome of the beſt of 'em, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much,

I am, &c.

To

To the Earl of OXFORD.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOur Lordſhip may be ſurpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better dedeſerv'd it. I hope you will not wonder if I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther to have others think me ſo, which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his: I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating 'em all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to Truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book it ſelf, which I dare ſay you'll receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can

can from any thing written upon the ſubject of your ſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it? All I ſhall ſay for it is, that 'tis the only Dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whither you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a leſs man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to ſee no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordſhip will tell my Lord Harley that I muſt not do this, you may depend upon a ſuppreſſion of theſe verſes (the only copy whereof I ſend you) but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always, my Lord,

Your, &c.

The Earl of OXFORD *to Mr* POPE.

Bramton Caſtle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes inclos'd? My mind reproach'd me how far ſhort I came

came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You ask my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtreights does this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent, with Mr Pope, Mr Parnel, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendſhip: And ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact Copy of the verſes, that I may keep the Original, as a teſtimony of the only Error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am,

Your, &c.

Oxford.

LETTERS

OF

Mr GAY *and Mr* POPE.

To Mr * F***.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors, of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcap'd: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtands ſtill undefac'd, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſate two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-

* Forteſcue.

well-ſet man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age: They had paſs'd thro' the various labours of the year together with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chooſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppy's and field flowers to her complection, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightned, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſate down by her

ſide, having raked together two or three heaps the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No anſwer being return'd to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoak, and then ſpy'd this faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſkreen her from the lightning. They were both ſtruck dead in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſing'd, and there appear'd a black ſpot on her breaſt; her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be plac'd over them, upon condition that we ſhould furniſh the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful fair expire;
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd.
Sent his own lightning, and the Victims ſeiz'd.

But

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country people will not underſtand this, and Mr Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of Scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold. *

Yours, &c.

Mr GAY *to Mr* POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter: I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs Blount my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeem'd in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport 'em: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from Dependance, tho' I have leſs Attendance than I had formerly;

* See the *Epitaph* which is erected to their Memory in *Literary Correſpondence*, Vol. II. pag. 147.

for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it: I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs Blount and Mrs Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr Congreve admires with me your fortitude; and loves, not envies your performances, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

Mr POPE *to Mr* GAY.

Oct. 1730.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only that I am in being, which in truth is of little con-

conſequence to one from whoſe converſation I am cut off, by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs. I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once, and that I might live to ſee you as happy, as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my Age encreaſes: not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter: but my mind finds no amendment, nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel my ſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, but thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world for me to keep pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit, from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other Ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, &c. conſpir'd to remove far from me: That deſire was to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care

nor labour to be notic'd by the reſt of mankind. I propoſe no rewards to my ſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the ſame truth as ever,

Yours, &c.

To the ſame.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOur letter is a very kind one, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your ſpirits. I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr Arbuthnot and another very knowing phyſician of that opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immers'd in the country. I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy againſt the evil of too much recollection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake: We have liv'd little together of late, and we want to be phyſicians to one another. It was a remedy

remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our conſtitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum ſimilitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are ſeveral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and laſt adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or ſeeing; the whole age ſeems reſolv'd to juſtify the Dunciad, and it may ſtand for a public Epitapth or monumental Inſcription, like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people periſh'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up, to preſerve the memory that there once were Bards in Britain; and (like the *Giants* at *Guildhall*) ſhow the bulk and bad taſte of our anceſtors: At preſent the poet Laureat and Stephen Duck ſerve for this purpoſe; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the emblem of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious *Threſher* not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appear'd at Ameſbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in Court and Country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs Howard talks of you, tho' not in the ſame breath with

with the Threſher, as they do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or convers'd with Mr Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltſhire? I have read thro' his whole volume with admiration of the writer: tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſt juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library? adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo to the laſt. Mrs Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, tho' it be the barr to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly,

Your, &c.

To

To the ſame.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrell tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin to want comfort, in a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, and the waters roar. The ſun gives us a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms and comforts more. I wiſh you cou'd be here 'till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures; nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you ſhou'd come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhou'd ſtay in the country, where no innocents of another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to church: the Duke ſhou'd lock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. I adviſe you to make Man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them freſh, or make them keep: and their Relations

Relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, abſolute and perpetual Dictator of the ſtage; tho' indeed while he lived, he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However Ambition finds ſomething to be gratify'd with, in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy upon poor Ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer, but for my own part, I like none ſo well as Mr Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muſe on this occaſion: I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, if ſhe deſir'd it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in mind all one's life, any little indignity received from a Court; and therefore I'm in hopes neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of † Miſcellanies is juſt publiſhed, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and I aſſure you no one more than,

Yours, &c.

† Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, Vol. IV.

Mr GAY *to Mr* POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at laſt return'd from my Somerſet-ſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, ſo as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excurſions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at preſent amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvements, and a great many viſionary caſtles. We were often entertain'd with ſea views and ſea fiſh, and were at ſome places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleaſed with Dunſter Caſtle near Minehead: It ſtands upon a great eminence, and hath a proſpect of that town, with an extenſive view of the Briſtol Channel; in which are ſeen two ſmall Iſlands, call'd the ſteep Holms and flat Holms, and on t'other ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the diviſions of fields on the Welſh coaſt. All this journey I perform'd on horſeback, and I am very much

much diſappointed that at preſent I feel my ſelf ſo little the better for it. I have indeed follow'd riding and exerciſe for three months ſucceſſively, and really think I was as well without it: ſo that I begin to fear the illneſs I have ſo long and ſo often complain'd of is inherent in my conſtitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclination, and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent as I have no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt reaſon of praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have ſeen no verſes upon theſe ſublime occaſions, ſo that I have no emulation. Let the Patrons enjoy the Authors and the Authors their Patrons, for I know my ſelf unworthy.

I am, &c.

Mr POPE *to Mr* GAY.

Cirenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhips, they ſhow us not only other peoples for us, but our own for them. We hardly know our ſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forc'd to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhould it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never ſince I knew you been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, notwithſtanding my reſting place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks and is in ſpirits all day long: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with 'em: any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow my ſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that Temper by ſacrificing your

your ſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L—— to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt your ſelf your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-uſage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and chearfulneſs grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

To ——

YOur letter dated at nine a clock on Tueſday (night as I ſuppoſe) has ſunk me quite. Yeſterday I hoped; and yeſterday I ſent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you ſhould have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the preſent cauſe of our trouble be ſo much greater. † Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty ſhare with Mrs Howard, who has loſt a man of a moſt honeſt heart: ſo honeſt an one, that I wiſh her Maſter had none leſs honeſt about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promiſe it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the paſt. Let us comfort one another, and, if poſſible, ſtudy to add as much more friendſhip to each other, as death has depriv'd us of in him: I promiſe you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deſerve more and more of yours.

I purpoſely avoid ſaying more. The ſubject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or eaſe by reaſon or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So

† Mr Gay died 1732, aged 46.

So will the death of my Mother be! which now I tremble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me, now ſet farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous diſtemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' leſs in pain; for which laſt however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be call'd a pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have ſo long lived with, or the loſs of one I have ſo long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only one we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee me ſo equal-temper'd and ſo quiet. But pray dine here: you may, and ſhe know nothing of it; for ſhe dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing leſt it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be aſſur'd I love you both, and be farther aſſur'd, that friendſhip will encreaſe as I live on.

LETTERS

Between the EARL of

PETERBOROW, *Mr* POPE, Dean SWIFT, *&c.*

My Lord, *Aug.* 24, 1728.

I Preſume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many Beauties animal and vegetable in Gardens; and poſſibly ſome rational in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty

twenty years ago, or I wou'd ſay there are ſome very reaſonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half the year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am mine the whole year: and with all the diſadvantageous incumbrance of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardiner, loyterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellations to the ſtyle of a Lord * degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be ſaid by moſt modern Nobility of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a Gardiner, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) ſome circumſtances in which you would reſemble the great Turk? The two Paradiſes are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome there are (not to name my Lord Bolingbroke) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muſſelmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Miniſters I dare ſay have leſs to do. Our

* Bolingbroke.

weekly hiſtories are only full of feaſts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modeſty, thro' idleneſs, and thro' reſpect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me my Lord,

Yours, &c.

A. Pope.

From the Earl of Peterborow.

I Muſt confeſs that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fixt in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurprized me; Immenſiy, and

and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joyning in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion, I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake: why will you imagine women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have ſeen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the middle of her Lent, would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonabe woman.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake which hinder'd me ſhowing your letter to a friend: when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and ſuch folks have brought about great things in former days: but what are they, Sir, who without policy in our times can make ten

treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting Peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, tho' in jeſt. O how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Eſteem of that moſt noble title, Loiterer: If I were a man of many plums †, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Lazineſs; No man ſure could blame my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

Mr Pope *to the Earl of* Peterborow.

YOU were in a very Polemic humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true my Lord, you know women, as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo un-

† A modern *Cant Term* for a 100,000 l. Man.

uncharitable in your opinion of them? ſurely one lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is unconteſted? Venus her ſelf could allow Minerva to be Goddeſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool her ſelf thought) on a better account. I do ſay, that Lady P* is a reaſonable woman; and I think ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt upon Eſteeming her, inſtead of Toaſting her like a ſilly thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe days. I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reaſonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have ſhown your letter to one who would take it candidly.

But for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the truſt you repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief might not I have done you with ſome that affect that denomination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely have ſpoken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd againſt Æolus, or, (like Xerxes) whipp'd the ſeas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearſal,

I'll give him flaſh for flaſh ——
I'll give him daſh for daſh ——

But

But all now is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raiſe your envy to find all the Muſes imployed in celebrating a Royal work, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Weſtminſter. I think Swift, Gay, and I, could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expenſive: but the ſame hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all elſe ſhould fail, you are ſure at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of your ſervant.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis? Do as I do, even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed they ſay 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears. Or if you, my Lord, ſhould be prick'd on by any old-faſhion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the

General

General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spit-head, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigg'd out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you as may be happy and honourable!

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſt with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you ſhowed one letter you may ſhow the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me Polemic, or aſſociate me to any Sect or Corporation, provided

provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacific Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over † Barclay in vain, and find, after a ſtroak given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring my ſelf to, is to bear mortification from the Fair ſex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhould allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me: ſo Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you Pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way: You know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth, and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity.

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's, pray when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place

† Barkley's Apology for the Quakers.

place as odd, and as much out of the way, as himſelf,

Yours, &c.

From the ſame.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your female Mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination!

Your Idea of the golden Age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

O how I wiſh, to my ſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe our ſelves! why is our Shepherdeſs in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the Colour of his coat, and live abſent from us?

and

and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon You, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption,

Your, &c.

From the ſame.

1732.

I Am under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this proteſtant land moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt confeſs that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay, at worſt many good men hold, that for a good end ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to my ſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well; I am cur'd of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth,

I was poſſeſt with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth, and a ſaucy love for my Country.

When a Chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt common-Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now Sir, let what will happen, I keep my ſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears: but as things of this world, I find my ſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary enquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or what I more

more fear, if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſh-man of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis è pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Yours, &c.

From Dean Swift *to the Earl of* Peterborow.

My Lord,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile and ſo fixt as your Lordſhip: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world where you have, or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you, for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me

in

in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admir'd at the capriciouſneſs of fortune, in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced Courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Embaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an Admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs, whereas according to the uſual method of Court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the Army, and you of the church, or rather a Curate, under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Arch-Biſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Miniſtry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write *to* you, they were forced to write *at* you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think

you have no houſe. Pray my Lord write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this ſcoundrel-country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow,

I am, &c.

To Lord BATHURST.

Sept. 23.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vaſt Wood; and one may addreſs to you as to a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, or the * Self-taught Philoſopher. I ſhould be very curious to know what ſort of contemplations employ you? I remember the latter of thoſe I mention'd, gave himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the cœleſtial bodies. I don't think it at all impoſſible that Mr L* may be far advanced in that exerciſe, by frequent turns toward the ſeveral aſpects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time as birds are tam'd by being whirl'd about; and doubtleſs come not to de-

* The Title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, (tho' naturally he ſeems more inclin'd to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.*) I wiſh my ſelf with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth conſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion your Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquieſc'd at night in the beſt concluſion of which human reaſon ſeems capable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And ſo we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, in a Viſion in Bed. But laying aſide Theory, I am told you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church, when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there's an end of miracles at once.

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood, about deſigning a princely garden. * Several Critics were of ſeveral opinions: One de-

* The Royal Gardens at Richmond.

clar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping Nature: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of looſe ſand: A third adviſ'd peremptorily there ſhould not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation; a fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirm'd not to be Trees, but Weeds; Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proſcrib'd, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſſly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into Shapes, and gave the modern Gard'ners the name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have 'em cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome, who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt Hedges, which they call'd Green Walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our Men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing: Sure ſuch a Taſte is like ſuch a Stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of Critics in Poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, another hates Paſtorals, all little Wits de-

delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, we have the ſame in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furniſh'd, or very oddly trim'd.

I have lately been with my Lord * who is a zealous, yet charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a Taſte, as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to wait on you in his way to the *Bath*, and if he can go and return to *London* in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you,

I am, &c.

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of *Chandos* wrote to Mr *Pope* on this Occaſion.

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LETTERS

TO and FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr* POPE.

Oct. 19, 1705.

I Return you the book you were pleas'd to lend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgments; for next, to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe poems, not only becauſe they were *Milton's* †, or were approv'd by Sir *Henry Wotton*, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as your ſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your friends can hardly

† LYCIDAS. L'Allegro. Il Penſeroſo. The *Maſque* of COMUS, 1634.

hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtile of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary,

Of my being ever, &c.

W. TRUMBULL.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, died at *Eaſthampſtead* in *Berkſhire*, 1716, where he has erected the following Epitaph to his Memory.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but moderate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth,
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

An Imitation of MARTIAL's *Epigram* on ANTONIUS PRIMUS (referred to in a Letter from Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, *Jan.* 19, 1715-6) *Literary Correſp.* VOL. I. *Octavo*, pag. 110.

Jam numerat placido felix ANTONIUS *ævo*, &c.

AT length my Friend (while *Time* with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his *Eightieth* year)
Sees his paſt Days ſafe out of Fortune's Pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his Life, and in the ſtrict Survey
Finds not one Moment he could wiſh away;
Pleas'd with the Series of each happy Day.
Such, ſuch a Man extends his Life's ſhort ſpace
And from the Goal again reviews the Race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy.

An Additional paſſage to a Letter, to Mr BLOUNT, *Sept.* 8, 1717, *Literary Correſp.* VOL. I. *Octavo*, pag. 168.

" I have been lately reading *Jeffery* of *Mon-*
" *mouth*, in the tranſlation of a Clergyman in
" my neighbourhood. He wanted my help
" to verſify the Prayer of BRUTUS, made
" when he was much in our circumſtances *,
" inquiring in what land to ſet up his Seat,
" and worſhip like his Fathers."

Goddeſs

* As Papiſts.

GOddeſs of Woods, tremendous in the Chace,
To Mountain Wolves and all the ſavage Race,
Wide o'er th'aërial Vault extend thy ſway,
And o'er th'infernal Regions void of Day,
On thy Third Reign look down; diſcloſe our Fate,
In what new Nation ſhall we fix our Seat?
When ſhall we next thy hallow'd Altars raiſe,
And Choirs of Virgins celebrate thy Praiſe?

N. B. In this Letter Mr *Pope* has omitted one of the late Earl of OXFORD's Political Apophthegms.

To a LADY *Abroad.*

Madam,

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine Lady to a Sybil, your leaves methinks like hers are too good to be committed to the winds, tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D----, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You contriv'd to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that what-

whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience: The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I write to you in the ſerious manner it was meant. It is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which above all I deſire to be thought ſerious: It would be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improv'd by an eſteem for you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be increaſed in all truths, that are as great as this, and depend upon it to whatever degree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qualities, as well deſerving to be half-laughed at and half eſteem'd, as moſt hearts in the world.

It's grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces, to be ſupply'd as faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for it's friends, and ſhall never want a corner

where

where your idea will always lie as warm, and as close, as any idea in Christendom.

If this distance (as you are so kind to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are come as far as ------ do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more snatch'd to the shade? If ever mortal had reason to hate the King, it is I, whose particular misfortune it is, to be almost the only innocent person he has made to suffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; that all the road might be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable: It is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal Earth my own? Yet

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it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatch'd away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in ---- and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted my ſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next ſpring.

I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

To Mrs BLOUNT.

Madam, 1715.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſs'd in it (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the leaves I think are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: for I doubt not but Gods works here, are what comes neareſt to his works there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven; as on the contrary a true town life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and it's furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke which I believe is coming upon me, and have fully reſign'd my

my ſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or purſu'd here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteem'd in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I'm ſenſible would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not your ſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think *quite ſo far*, as I am now led to do; but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures, or amuſements, that I don't wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be

leſs

leſs able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independence; I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr GAY's condition in this laſt reſpect of dependence. He has Merit, good Nature, and Integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like.

I am, &c.

To a LADY, *on* SINCERE *Letters.*

Madam,

I Am not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He who gives you his mirth makes a much leſs preſent than he who gives you his heart; and true friends wou'd rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only

only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who wou'd at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I wou'd willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to my ſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I wou'd cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only my ſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I cou'd have ſeen you every day, and imagin'd my company cou'd have every day pleas'd you, I ſhou'd ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes cou'd I gladly have left unfiniſh'd, and turn'd into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs

covetous

covetous of, than your Friendſhip; for that I hope will laſt all my life, the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhou'd both grow greater after my death? alas! they wou'd both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

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*To the Hon. Mrs **. On the ſame Subject.*

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at leaſt 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, 'till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your ſtyle: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I wou'd not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell 'em to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs L* I formerly knew, who writ and talk'd like other people, (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to

ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit an abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you've never told me how you did? Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continu'd to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, Kindneſs, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concern'd, becauſe judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I wou'd make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpis'd, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have open'd my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr H * who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhou'd have nothing but honeſt plain how d'ye's and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for

our

cur ſelves, in meer friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, &c.

From Dr ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extreamly oblig'd to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in the world. This blow has ſo rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolickſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lye neglected amongſt old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been amongſt the papers of a noble Lord * ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſs'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſum ſuch author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's Office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr Parnel, Mr Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It is with ſome plea-

* Earl of *Sunderland*.

ſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my foreſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

To Mr C****.

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I cou'd be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what

what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct, to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs ----- and I have often hinted it to your ſelf: The truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no farther cauſe of complaint for the unhappy lady gives me now no farther pain; ſhe is no longer an object either of yours, or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concern'd in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualify'd from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent Commerce. I'll name you the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet ſtronger than all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expreſſiug my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns to my private friends; I hardly dare, while there are *Curlls* * in the World. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the ma-

* Which in all Probability may be as long as there are POPES.

lice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends wou'd ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the years End thoſe trifling letters which can be to them but a days amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcriblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party Papers, and their Authors. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch Papers: And if by accident thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I ſhould certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country houſe, I have often wiſh'd it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a chriſtian to wiſh I ſhou'd have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother

(at

(at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any act or thought in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, tho' not ſo much as I wou'd be in teſtimonies or writings,

Yours, &c.

To Mr JERVAS.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God her death was as eaſy, as her life

life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay almoſt of pleaſure, that far from horrid, it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it wou'd be the greateſt obligation which even That obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you cou'd come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this ----- I could not (at this time) have written at all. ----- Adieu! May you dye as happily!

Your, &c.

To **** †.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me: every part of this Wood puts into my mind poor Mr Gay with whom I paſt once a great deal of plea-

ſant

† From Lord BATHURST's Seat.

ſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place: the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twitnam, whenever I paſs near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs G. I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a Wit: beſides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cauſe of it) I'll put 'em out for no body but a friend: and I proteſt it brings tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know is to ſay things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the goings out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt, ſpeeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of conſequence: The reſt I believe I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all down-hill; and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's

journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lye down eaſy whenever the night ſhall overtake us.

I dreamed all laſt night of —— ſhe has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving Gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſame misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another who I believe could promiſe and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter; and not ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, he thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for your ſelf, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever ſhall leave you) you muſt determine: but reflect, that the firſt wou'd make me, as well as your ſelf, happier; the latter could only make you ſo.

ADIEU.

PARODIE *on the Imitation of the Second Epiſtle of the Second Book of* HORACE.

PLeaſingly, Sir, you *Horace* ſtill purſue;
And I as pleaſingly ſtill follow you.
Dear Mr *Pope* your Own, not Country's Friend,
You rapture us with ev'ry Verſe you ſend;
But turn your *Frenchman* and his *Boy* adrift,
And with one Shirt let Man and Maſter ſhift;
Let 'em at *Blois* their Services record,
Such Raggamuffins ill befit a Lord.
The Town ſtill judge you in a proper light,
Whether Lampoons or Letters you indite;
Sober Advice from *Horace* you have giv'n,
Yet diſavow it in the face of Heav'n.
To this and other Points your quite excentric,
Till you put in the Claim, then All's Authentic.
The Caſe being ſtated thus 'twixt you, and I,
You've here the Inſtance, now let me apply.
Two Years ago, by Jeſuitic-Arts,
I was, poor Culprit, Game for Men of Parts;
But whether I have been the Hunt or not,
I'll frankly leave to *Wilcox* and to *Motte*,
Your New Aſſociates, Brothers of the Quill,
Who puſh'd the Fate of your Depending Bill,
The One was Typographically bred,
T'other to any Craft can turn his Head.
But what have *Tonſon*, *Lintot*, *Lawton* *, done,
That you to *Brindley*, *Corbet*, *Dodſley* run?
'Tis kind indeed a Liv'ry Muſe to aid,
Who ſcribbles Farces to augment his Trade.
Where *You* and *Spence* †, and *Glover* drive the Nail
The Devil's in it if the Plot ſhould fail.
From you to ask a Verſe can be no Crime,
The only thing you're good for is to Rime.
The Story you of *Anna*'s Days have told,
Of a Pot-Valiant Soldier poor and old.

The

* *Gilliver.* † *Stephen Duck*'s Biographer, and Editor of *Corbeduc.*

May ſerve at *Chelſea-College* for Chit-Chat,
Each Invalid there knows what you'd be at.
And if ſuch pretty Stories you'll rehearſe,
A Jeſt-book will ſell very well in Verſe.
It was for *Lintot*'s Gold that you begun
To rime from *Greek* the wrath of *Peleus*' Son.
Reſt to your Father's Soul: who from a Lad,
Taught you the Art to know the Good from Bad.
All Laws by Thoſe who ſmart are thought unjuſt,
Thieves only ſwing poor Souls for Breach of Truſt.
The Pious hopes of Papiſts ſtill will fail,
Whilſt *Brunſwick* Rules and *Hardwick* holds the Scale.
Thro' Life you may enjoy true Peace of Mind,
Poet's-Convict, are neither Tax'd nor Fin'd.
With what your Muſe brings in *per Annum* clear,
No Prince or Peer alive, will interfere.
Repoſe, or ſcribble, be aſſur'd that Time,
Will part ev'n you and me, and ſnatch your Rime.
And ev'ry Wheel of the Satyric Mill
That turns your daily Libels muſt ſtand ſtill.
You never can Relapſe, for want of Grace,
Is ſtampt upon your Soul where'er the Place.
Before the Lords whene'er your Cauſe comes on,
If Pop'ry be the Theme you'll be undone.
And much you'll ſuffer, if you don't in Bounds.
Keep in your ſpleenetic, ill-manner'd Sounds.
Let me with *Arbuthnot* your Friend adviſe,
Study to mend Mankind but not chaſtiſe,
Much you can flatter when the Whim does bite,
This All your Patrons know to whom you write.
This Maxim's true, all Mankind will reject,
Malevolence, not treat it with reſpect.
There liv'd *in primo Georgij* they record,
Sev'ral Large-Paper-Dupes, and each a Lord;
Who in the Senate-Houſe, and in their own,
Thought you an *Homer*, *Milton* but a Drone.
Howe'er 'tis granted that in bounds to roll,
You can make Thoughts, keep Meaſure with the Soul.
Thus, for your Sake Sir, I have play'd the Fool,
As Boys make random Verſes when at School,
And when you offer any thing that's New
Wagging muſt be my Quill, and ſo Adieu.

E. CURLL.

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THE

WORKS

OF

William Walsh, Esq;

In PROSE and VERSE.

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TO

William Bromley, Eſq;

THE

Very worthy HEIR

AND

NEPHEW

OF

William Walſh, *Eſq*;

THIS

EDITION of his WORKS

Reviſed and Corrected by Himſelf, in the Year 1706,

Is moſt humbly Inſcribed by

The EDITOR.

THE

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ELOGIUM

OF

Mr. *WALSH.*

TO him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known;
And ev'ry Author's Merit but his Own.
Such late was *Walſh*—— the Muſe's Judge and Friend,
Who juſtly knew to Blame, or to Commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Deſert;
The cleareſt Head, and the ſincereſt Heart;
This humble Praiſe, *lamented Shade* receive,
This Praiſe at leaſt, a grateful *Muſe* may give!
The *Muſe*, whoſe early Voice *you* taught to *Sing*,
Preſcrib'd her Heights, and prun'd her *tender Wing*,
(*Her Guide now loſt*) no more attempts to Riſe,
But in low Numbers ſhort Excurſions tries. ——

1708. *A. POPE.*

LETTERS
AND.
POEMS,
AMOROUS
AND
GALLANT,
By WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*

PREFACE.

IT has been ſo uſual among modern Authors to write Prefaces, that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him ſome Account before hand of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make ſomewhat of this kind more neceſſary in my Caſe, than others is, That a great part of this Collection conſiſts of Familiar Letters, which ſort of Writing ſome Learned Perſons among us have thought unfit to be publiſhed. It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often conſiſt in little Paſſages of private Converſation, and References to particular Matters, that can be underſtood by none but thoſe to whom they are written: But to draw a general Concluſion from thence, That familiar Letters can pleaſe none, but thoſe very Perſons, is to conclude againſt the common Experience of all the World; ſince beſides the great Applauſes have been given the Letters of *Cicero* and *Pliny* among the *Romans*, we ſee no Book has been better received among the *Spaniards*, than the Letters

of *Guevare*; or, among the *French*, than thoſe of *Voiture* and *Balſac*: Not to mention the *Italians*, among whom there has been hardly any conſiderable Man, who has not publiſhed Letters with good Succeſs. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception theſe things have met, is, that there is no ſort of Writing ſo neceſſary for People to underſtand as this: A Man may have a great deal of Wit, without being able to write Verſes, or make Harangues; and may live in very good Repute, without having occaſion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World, without being able to write Letters. There is no State of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requiſite; and there are few Days paſs, in which a Man has not occaſion to make uſe of it.

The Stile of Letters ought to be free, eaſy and natural: As near approaching to Familiar Converſation as poſſible. The two beſt Qualities in Converſation, are good Humour and good Breeding; thoſe Letters are therefore certainly the beſt that ſhew the moſt of thoſe two Qualities. There are ſome Men ſo ſurly, ſo ill-natured, and ſo ill-bred, that tho' we can hardly deny them to have Wit, yet we can ſay, at leaſt, that we are ſorry they have it. And indeed, as their Wit is troubleſome to other People, ſo I can hardly imagine of what great Uſe it can be to themſelves. For if the End of Wit be not to render one's ſelf agreeable, I ſhall ſcarce envy them any other Uſe they can make of it.

The

The Second Part of this Collection conſiſts of Amorous Verſes. Thoſe who are converſant with the Writings of the Ancients, will obſerve a great Difference between what they and the Moderns have publiſhed upon this Subject. The Occaſions upon which the Poems of the former are written, are ſuch as happen to every Man almoſt that is in Love; and the Thoughts ſuch as are natural for every Man in Love to think. The Moderns, on the other hand, have ſought out for Occaſions, that none meet with but themſelves; and fill their Verſes with Thoughts that are ſurprizing and glittering, but not tender, paſſionate, or natural, to a Man in Love.

To judge which of theſe two are in the right, we ought to conſider the End that People propoſe in writing Love-Verſes: And that I take not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Miſtreſs; and the beſt Way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced Conceits, far fetched Similes, and ſhining Points; but by a true and lively Repreſentation of the Pains and Thoughts attending ſuch a Paſſion.

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

I would as ſoon believe a Widow in great Grief for her Huſband, becauſe I ſaw her dance a *Corant* about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Miſtreſs for his writing ſuch Verſes, as ſome great Modern Wits have done upon theirs.

I am ſatisfied that *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*, were in love with their Miſtreſſes, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forſwear them; but I confeſs I cannot believe *Petrarch* in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the Place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover in Tranſports of Jealouſy to treat his Miſtreſs with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man, who is much in Love, to amuſe himſelf with ſuch Trifles as the other. I am pleaſed with *Tibullus*, when he ſays, *he could live in a Deſart with his Miſtreſs, where never any Human Footſteps appeared*; becauſe I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays; but I confeſs I can hardly forbear laughing when *Petrarch* tells us, *he could live without any other Suſtenance than his Miſtreſs's Looks.* I can very eaſily believe a Man may love a Woman ſo well, *as to deſire no Company but hers*; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman ſo well, as *to have no need of Meat and Drink, if he may look upon her.* The *firſt* is a Thought ſo natural for a *Lover*, that there is no *Man* really in *Love*, but thinks the ſame thing;

thing; the *other* is not the Thought of a *Man* in *Love*, but of a Man who would impoſe upon us with a *pretended Love* (and that indeed very groſly too) while he had really *none at all*.

It would be endleſs to purſue this Point; and any Man, who will but give himſelf the Trouble to compare what the Ancients and Moderns have ſaid upon the ſame Occaſions, will ſoon perceive the Advantage the *former* have over the *others*. I have choſen to mention *Petrarch* only, as being, by much, the moſt famous of all the Moderns who have written Love-Verſes: And it is, indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this falſe ſort of Wit in the World: For People ſeeing the great Credit he had, and has, indeed, to this Day, not only in *Italy*, but over all *Europe*, have ſatisfied themſelves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the Way he took was the right or not.

There are no Modern Writers perhaps who have ſucceeded better in *Love-Verſes* than the *Engliſh*; and it is indeed juſt, that the *faireſt Ladies* ſhould inſpire the *beſt Poets*. Never was there a more copious Fancy, or greater reach of Wit, than what appears in Dr. *Donne*; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the Poems of Mr. *Waller*; nothing more gay or ſprightly than thoſe of Sir *John Suckling*; and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than Mr. *Cowley*'s. However, it may be obſerved,

that among all theſe, *that* Softneſs, Tenderneſs, and Violence of Paſſion, which the *Ancients* thought moſt proper for *Love-Verſes*, is wanting; and at the ſame time that we muſt allow Dr. *Donne* to have been a *very great Wit*; Mr. *Waller* a very *gallant* Writer; Sir *John Suckling* a very *gay* one, and Mr. *Cowley* a *great* Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a *very great Lover*. And it grieves me that the *Ancients*, who could never have handſomer Women, than *we* have, ſhould nevertheleſs be ſo much more in Love than we are. But it is probable, the great Reaſon of this may be the Cruelty of our Ladies; for a Man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his Paſſion take very deep root, when he has no Reaſon to expect any ſort of Return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair, that they would be pleaſed ſometimes to abate a little of their Rigour for the Propagation of good Verſe. I do not mean, that they ſhould confer their Favours upon none but Men of Wit: That would be too great a Confinement indeed: But that they would admit them upon the ſame Foot with other People; and if they pleaſe now and then to make the Experiment, I fancy they will find Entertainment enough from the very Variety of it.

There are three ſorts of Poems that are proper for Love: *Paſtorals*, *Elegies*, and *Lyric* Verſes, under which laſt I comprehend all *Songs*, *Odes*, *Sonnets*, *Madrigals* and *Stanzas*,

Stanzas. Of all theſe, *Paſtoral* is the loweſt, and upon that account perhaps moſt proper for Love; ſince it is the Nature of that Paſſion to render the Soul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Deſigns, and in every Thought of them. Tho' we have no Difference between the Verſes of *Paſtoral* and *Elegy* in the Modern Languages, yet the Numbers of the firſt ought to be looſer, and not ſo ſonorous, as the other; the Thoughts more ſimple, more eaſie, and more humble. The Deſign ought to be the repreſenting the Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields, but by ſhewing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that ſort of Life. For tho' I know our Maſters, *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, have not always conformed in this Point of Innocence; *Theocritus* in his *Daphnis*, having made his Love too wanton, and *Virgil* in his *Alexis*, placed his Paſſion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allowed to *cenſure* thoſe whom we muſt always *reverence*) I take both thoſe things to be Faults in their Poems, and ſhould have been better pleaſed with the *Alexis*, if it had been made to a Woman; and with the *Daphnis*, if he had made his Shepherds more modeſt. When I give Humility and Modeſty as the Character of *Paſtoral*, it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allowed to boaſt of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to ſhew a Contempt of his Rival, as we ſee both *Theocritus* and *Virgil* do.

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But

But this muſt be ſtill in ſuch a manner, as if the Occaſion offered itſelf, and was not ſought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Paſſion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.

There ought to be the ſame Difference obſerv'd between *Paſtorals* and *Elegies*, as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the firſt, Love ought to be repreſented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender and paſſionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in *Paſtoral*. The Paſſions they repreſent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The Subjects of them, Prayers, Praiſes, Expoſtulations, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealouſies, and, in fine, all the natural Effects of Love.

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the ſame Subjects with Elegy; but to do it however in a different manner. An Elegy ought to be ſo entirely *one thing*, and every Verſe ought ſo to depend upon the *other*, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt *alone*: Or, to make uſe of the Words of a * great Modern Critic, there muſt be

——————*a juſt Coherence made*
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
So right, that every Step may higher riſe,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies.

Lyrics,

* *My Lord* Mulgrave.

Lyrics, on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one Body as well as *Elegy*, yet may conſiſt of Parts that are intire of themſelves. It being a Rule in Modern Languages, that every *Stanza* ought to make up a compleat Senſe, without running into the other. Frequent Sentences, which are accounted Faults in *Elegies*, are Beauties here. Beſides this, *Malherb*, and the *French* Poets after him, have made it a Rule in the *Scanzas* of Six Lines, to make a Pauſe at the third; and in thoſe of Ten Lines, at the Third and the Seventh. And it muſt be confeſſed, that this Exactneſs renders them much more Muſiſical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been ſo Religious in obſerving the latter Rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh Deſign: Thoſe who are Criticks, it would be a Preſumption in me to pretend I could inſtruct, thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write myſelf, is (if I may be allowed to apply another Man's Simile) like *ſelling Arms to an Enemy in time of War*. Though there ought, perhaps, to be more Indulgence ſhewn to things of Love and Gallantry, than any others; becauſe they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young People, eſpecially of the Fair Sex, are more taken with the Livelineſs of Fancy, than the Correctneſs of Judgment. It may be alſo obſerved, that to write of Love well

well, a Man muſt be really in Love; and to correct his Writings well, he muſt be out of Love again. I am well enough ſatisfied, I may be in Circumſtances of writing of Love; but I am almoſt in Deſpair of ever being in Circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a Reaſon for the Fair and the Young, to paſs over ſome of the Faults; and as for the Grave and Wiſe, all the Favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they would not read them; Things of this Nature are calculated only for the former. If Love-Verſes work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himſelf with what the Criticks ſay of them; and if they do not, all the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe Trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any Man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living, who are able to write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one: But I will take the Boldneſs to ſay, *That there is no One Man among them All who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his Own Faults, or to do Juſtice to the Merits of Other People.*

St. *James's*
1692.

LETTERS

Amorous and *Gallant.*

LETTER I.

To TWO *Maſques.*

THO' I cannot boaſt much of Particularity to the Perſon I love, yet as to the Love it ſelf, I may ſafely ſay, It is one of the moſt particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in Love with a Lady after having ſeen her. I am in Love with *two*, without having ever ſeen *either:* Not that I would willingly admit *two* Tyrants into my Heart; but tho' *one* of you may perhaps be Monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the Matter muſt reſt in doubt till another Opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the *three* Goddeſſes

deſſes Beauties, when he ſaw them *naked*, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I ſhould pretend to make a Judgment between *two* Ladies in *Maſques*. Conſider a little under what Difficulty you make me labour: If I ſhould commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep red; the Smoothneſs and Delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawney; the Fineneſs of your Shapes, while you were ſtuck up within Iron Bodice; the Brightneſs of your Eyes, and they ſhould prove bleared and ſquinting: Do but imagine when I had done this, what ſort of an Effect it would have upon you. Whatever Inconveniencies of this Nature happen, it is your own Faults; for my part I leave this encountring with Helmets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* * and his Knights Errant; the way of Duelling is altered, People do not only encounter bare-faced, but ſtrip when they go to it. As for this Way, I can aſſure you, I find it not in the leaſt fair; and had rather be in Love with the moſt hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain State, and neither know *what* I love, *why* I love, nor *whether* I love, or *no*. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in Diſtreſs; clear the Buſineſs to me, and let me know if I am in good earneſt, when I profeſs myſelf

Your moſt paſſionate Admirer.

* Alluding to a very old *French* Romance called AMADIS *de Gaul.*

LET-

LETTER II.

To ONE *of the* FORMER.

IT is by *Faith* alone that I fancy you the moſt Charming, but I find by *Experience* you are one of the moſt unreaſonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldeſt Action in the World, to declare a Paſſion to *two* Maſques; but you, Madam, ſet up a Title of your own, and are not ſatisfied without Particularity, and Conſtancy. Your Charms, I confeſs, Madam, as far as I ſaw of them, are very great: The Maſque was very good *Genoa* Velvet; the Gloves very good *Blois* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for aught I know, lined with very good green Pluſh. Now, Madam, though ſo far I do ſtedfaſtly *believe*, yet to fall conſtantly and particularly in Love with Maſques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French* Romances; and being naturally diffident of myſelf, I ſhould be loth to begin a new ſort of Gallantry, without knowing how it would take. Conſider, Madam, a little better upon the Reaſonableneſs of your Requeſt; for Particularity and Conſtancy are very hardly to be anſwered for, at our Years *. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your Power to blow my Love up to that Height whenever you pleaſe; and to confeſs a Truth to you, I have

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* The Author's Age about 32.

a very great Stock of Particularity and Conſtancy lying upon my Hands at this Time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the Reaſon in the World to imagine it is kept for you; but however, Madam, it would be neceſſary to have one View of you, before I can be poſitive in that Point. I am ſatisfied in my Conſcience that I have done all my Duty in the Thing; let it lye at your Door if the Humour break off; for my part I cannot imagine how you will be able to anſwer it to all the World, if you ſhould, for want of diſcovering yourſelf, loſe the moſt conſtant and moſt faithful Lover under the Sun.

LETTER III.

To the SAME.

Conſtancy and *Fidelity* are, without doubt, great Virtues, though not always great Charms in a Miſtreſs; but as to your *Inviſibility*, it is a Quality that does not pleaſe me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty Aëreal ſort of Beauty, and may do very well for Spiritual Lovers; but for me, Madam, who am a little embarraſſed with Matter, and who generally carry a Body of Six Foot long about with me, it would be convenient to have ſome more Corporeal Accompliſhments. Deſcend, Madam, in this Caſe, to your Lo-

ver's

ver's Capacity, and make uſe of his *Senſes* to repreſent you as Charming, as without doubt you are, to his *Imagination.* For tho' I muſt confeſs *Fancy* has been very kind to you in this Point, yet it would be convenient to call in the Help of the *Eyes* to ſtrengthen the *Evidence:* I expect therefore from your next Letter, an Appointment where I may meet you in a *viſible* manner. Theſe are the only Terms upon which I can treat any farther with you; for though you write the moſt agreeably in the World, yet you muſt certainly own, that after having been monſtrouſly in *Love* for a whole Week together, it is very reaſonable a Man ſhould know at laſt with *whom* it is.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

YES really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are ſuch vulgar Ways of dying, that for my part I would rather live a thouſand Years, than make uſe of either. Then, Madam, they are the moſt inconvenient Methods in the World; Drowning will ſpoil your Cloaths, and Hanging your Complexion; beſides ſeveral other things that might be ſaid to diſſuade you from it, but that I know a Word to the

Wiſe is enough. I am of Opinion you had better defer all ſort of dying till another Opportunity, though you are poſitive in it; I would rather recommend Mr. *Boyle*'s Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poiſoned in Perfumes, is ſomewhat that looks pleaſant enough. But to be leſs ſerious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the moſt reaſonable Lover, of an unreaſonable Lover, in the World. I confeſs, were I to form a Beauty to myſelf,——ſhe ſhould be——let me conſider a little upon it; ſhe ſhould be---I proteſt, Madam, I know not what ſhe ſhould be: Monſtrouſly in Love with me, that is certain; for the reſt, I ſhould truſt the Stars. I think I may ſay, without Flattery, I love my ſelf ſo well, that I can love any body elſe that does ſo too; and ſhould prefer that ſingle Beauty, of an immoderate Paſſion for me in a Miſtreſs, to all the other Charms in the World, as *Bayes* does the ſingle beating of Armies in his Heroe, to all the Moral Virtues put together. If you can anſwer for the Charm, Madam, take no Care for any other; he muſt be unreaſonable indeed, who is not ſatisfied with That, in a Lady of Sixteen.

LETTER V.

To the Fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* ſays, (St. *Jerome*, I muſt confeſs, is a verv odd Beginning of a Billet *doux*) That a Man who can with Patience ſuffer himſelf to be called Heretick, ought not to be eſteemed a good Chriſtian: And in common Account you ſee, one who is called Coward, if he does not reſent the Affront, ſhall always be thought ſuch. As my Provocations are much greater than either of theſe, ſo if my Indignation were anſwerable to them, you could not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can ſay of Hereticks and Cowards, they will allow them to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you would degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any Place among the inferiour Creatures. Had you called me Brute or Beaſt, I had not been ſo zealous in my own Juſtification: Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have no more Underſtanding than Horſes, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of thoſe noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to ſome or other of the Fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all ſort of Communication with them. Had the Husbands or Old Women had this Opinion of me, I ſhould not have been ſo violent in

my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the Senſe of thoſe that impoſe them: I ſhould not be angry at a *Turk*, or a *Jew*, for thinking me of their Religion; becauſe, whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better; but this would be no Reaſon to make me forgive a Chriſtian for calling me ſo. In like manner, Madam, though I could have pardoned the Husbands and Old Women for ſaying ſuch a Thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call Witneſſes in this Caſe, or turn you over to another Hand for Satisfaction in that Point, which can only properly be reſolved by my ſelf; and it were as vain to think to clear myſelf by Words from an Imputatian that ought to be done by Actions; I ſhall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own Place and Time; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this Point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the no-Man) that you take me to be. In the mean time I ſhall remain your moſt Humble, (a Curſe on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

Your moſt affectionate and paſſionate
Lover and Servant.

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

I Have been waiting theſe three Months to tell you a thing that may be ſaid in three Words; it is, *I love you.* I will grant you, Madam, that this is no neceſſary Reaſon why you ſhould love me again; but you muſt grant me in Recompence, That it is a very ſufficient Reaſon why I ſhould tell you of it. I do not expect you ſhould write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a Name: It is from your Eyes alone, I ſhall attend my Anſwer. But, Madam, that we may not miſtake one another in this Point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Paſſion, what you intend for a Diſcouragement of it; I muſt tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I ſhall believe you are in Love, and that makes you baſhful: If you look angrily, I ſhall think it is to give me occaſion to come and juſtify my ſelf; and if you look negligently, I ſhall conclude it is Management to diſguiſe the Amour from the World: In fine, Madam, I ſhall take nothing for a Refuſal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be miſtaken in the Perſon who ſends this, and imagine it to come from ſome Lord wich a Blue Garter, or White Staff, it comes from a Commoner without either: I will deſcribe my ſelf ſo, as you may know me well enough to encourage my Paſſion, if you like

it, but not ſo as to make a Trophy of me, if you do not. My Stature is ſomewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very large, nor very ſmall; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the moſt commodious for a Lover in the World, not ſo much inclined to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as ſome others; but for Paſſion and Conſtancy, no Man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a Heart with all theſe Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, ſend it me back by the Penny-Poſt, if you know me by any other Title than that of

Your moſt humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I underſtand very well what I ſay, will they Love you as little; for that is the only Difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no Queſtion, but a Man who is poſſeſſed of the moſt charming Creature in the Univerſe, will be conſtant to her as long as ſhe pleaſes; but it is a great Queſtion, if he will part with her as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes. This is the Rock upon

on which thoſe Ladies ſplit, who will admit of none but conſtant Lovers; not conſidering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them; and conſider, pray, into what pretty Circumſtances a Lady brings herſelf, who is plagued with an obſtinate Old Lover, when ſhe is paſſionately in Love with a New one. I know not what thoſe Crimes are, the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge, but I fancy an importunate Perſeverance in Love of the ſame Woman, is not one of the Number: And whenever you pleaſe to make the Experiment, as the leaſt Sign in the World is ſufficient after theſe Preliminaries, to make me a moſt paſſionate Lover; ſo the leaſt Sign you give me afterwards of any New Amour, ſhall make me lay aſide that Title, for the leſs ambitious one of

Your moſt humble Servant.

LETTER VIII.

To a Lady who had ſpoken againſt him.

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps, beſides my ſelf, who have fallen in Love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reaſon than her declaring againſt him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reſerved for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you

are ſo far from liking me your ſelf, that you will not believe any body elſe can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Perſon, from the Crown of my Head, to the Sole of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries ſomewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abſtract of Vanity: That I am ſo much in Love with my ſelf, that it is impoſſible for me to be ſo with any body elſe. Theſe things, Madam, that might have put ſome People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as thoſe who are naturally peeviſh, will be angry at People, let them endeavour ever ſo much to pleaſe them; ſo we, who are naturally Amorous, cannot avoid being in Love with a Lady, let her take ever ſo much Pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Paſſion upon Reaſon, you have given me one of the moſt reaſonable Cauſes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himſelf to be a Fool, ſo he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himſelf. It is reported as an Inſtance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they would never Marry a Man, till they had fought with him firſt; and if he beat them very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profeſs as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have ſo good a Reaſon for Love, as your having exerciſed your Wit upon me: Tho it is poſſible you may attribute my Paſſion to another Cauſe, and as

you

you think, I love nothing beſides my ſelf, may have ſome kindneſs for you, becauſe you are never like to be my Rival: However, aſſure your ſelf, Madam, it is no ſuch thing, but knowing the worſt you can ſay of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the ſame time) I muſt needs be infinitely in Love with you, in whom I find them all together. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any Body can ſay; for as it is only your Hating me that makes me Love you, as ſoon as that ceaſes, I am afraid my Love will do ſo too. As you therefore value my Kindneſs, take heed of having any for me; and ſatisfy your ſelf, That as long as you continue to think me a ſilly, idle, conceited Fop, I ſhall continue to be, with all the Paſſion imaginable,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

To a Maſqu'd Lady.

THO I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the moſt conſiderable Conqueſts under the Sun, yet give me leave to ſay, You

You never made any ſo extraordinary as this before: You have ſubdued, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making your ſelf known, and have gained the moſt abſolute Victory in the World, without ſo much as unſheathing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman could overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boaſt of the greateſt Paſſion, and greateſt Faith in Nature together: The Seeing you, which is the Reaſon of other People's Love, might, for aught I know, deſtroy mine; for I have raiſed Ideas of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the moſt charming Creature in the Univerſe; and at the ſame time fancy you to be ſomewhat more than I imagine. I have dreſſed you up in all the different Shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the moſt amiable: And after having ſuppoſed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any One of them. Did I know in which State you were, I would certainly make Love to all of it, till I arrived at you; and for want of that, I am forced to confine myſelf to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conſcience, Madam, whether you can leave the moſt conſtant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no Remorſe for the laſt Diſappointment, I ſhall very hardly ever truſt it more: Yet however extravagant my Paſſion is, do not apprehend that I ſhould make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be

be what they will, my Fidelity is unqueſtionable: And aſſure yourſelf, there is no Man breathing leſs apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

To a Friend.

SIR,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, ſince under that Diſguiſe you have done me one of the greateſt Injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories againſt the malicious Deſigns of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they could with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cauſe, nor conclude you guilty till I hear what you can ſay in your own Juſtification, I will give you a plain Account of the Buſineſs. Meeting one of the Ladies laſt Night, with whom I am in Love, ſhe began a Diſcourſe of Lovers, wherein ſhe ſhewed the many Inconveniencies that attend the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do naturally love to diſpute with a fair Lady (eſpecially in a Cauſe where I thought my ſelf no more concerned than if ſhe

ſhe had talked of *Jews* or *Mahometans*) agreed with her in all ſhe ſaid; when ſhe turned briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reaſon a Woman muſt have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of ſome late Judges; *Call a thing Treaſon without Law, and then Hang a Man for it without Proof.** That I appealed to all the World for my Innocence in the Matter, and defied my greateſt Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me ſhe had it from *ſuch a one*, who had it from *another*; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was *your ſelf.* Now tho I grant you that ſome People might have ſaid ſuch a thing as this, out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that Account. You, who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Proteſtant to the Fathers of the Inquiſition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among them, could not do it upon a more malicious Account. They love a tame, eaſy, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me ſo? And after that to put me upon them for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman, nor ſhall I paſs by ſuch a thing as this, without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you ſhould either give it under your Hand, That you never ſaid any ſuch thing of me; or if you really ſaid

* This juſt Remark alludes to the Severities uſed in *monmouth*'s Rebellion.

ſaid it, That you ſhould go immediately to the Perſon to whom you did it; and aſſure them you were miſinformed in the thing, and that to your Knowledge, *Ireland* it ſelf never bred a more tame, eaſy, Fool than I am: For here lies the greateſt Danger; I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to ſucceed in a Conteſt with one of them, when want of Wit to give is the Preference. After all, methinks if you would be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of theſe Difficulties: I know you have Wit enough to convince them that I have none; and if the worſt come to the worſt, it is but carrying you to them, to ſhew the Difference. In that hopes, I reſume the Title of

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady, in the Country, who was going to be Married.

AFTER having written you a Letter upon your firſt going down, I have never dared to venture one ſince, leſt I ſhould be miſtaken in my Addreſs; and for aught I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs. ****, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, ſince we

we are here in perfect Ignorance of the Matter. We had very positive News one while of your being Married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a Dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with Love-Songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you, as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which would be most proper: And here are half a Dozen more, who have had Halters about their Necks, ever since the Report of your going to be Married; for they are resolved to be ready upon the first Notice, That the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. It is true, Madam, I took the Boldness to advise them not to be over-hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say, was in vain; they are positive in the Matter, and half a Dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park are marked out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavoured to divert them as much as I could from chusing that Place, for the Benefit of the Company who Walk there; I told them it was contrary to all Precedent, to make use of Elms, or Lime-Trees, since the Willow had, Time out of Mind, been reserved for that use; and that a Lover who did not hang himself according to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answered me very surlily,

ſurlily, (tho very truly too I muſt own) That it was not my Buſineſs: That it was a very hard Caſe People might not hang themſelves without asking my Leave; and as they would not hinder Me whenever I was going about ſuch a thing, ſo they took it very ill that I ſhould pretend to hinder Them. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I could ſay very little in the Caſe; and you may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumſtances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

To a Lady who asked him for his Heart.

THO to tell a Man that you will diſpoſe of his Heart to one who ſhall uſe it ill, is but a very ſmall Encouragement for him to part with it; yet ſince you ſay you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot refuſe you ſuch a Trifle as that, upon whatever Terms you demand it. I have incloſed it therefore in this Letter, and truſted it to the Penny-Poſt, leſt your Generoſity ſhould have made you give a Meſſenger more for the bringing it, than the thing it ſelf is really worth. I wiſh, Madam, it were better for your ſake; and can

aſſure

aſſure you, That were it the moſt modiſh one in the World, it ſhould be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-faſhion'd, and too much given to thoſe antiquated Qualities, Conſtancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom you intend it, may deſpiſe thoſe Things, and think a Heart of that ſort as ridiculous as a Lover in a ſhort Cloak, ſlaſh Sleeves, pinck'd Doublet, and trunk Hoſe. But let her not be prejudic'd againſt things for their firſt Appearances; I have ſeen a very awkard Beginner, come to dance very well at laſt; and it is not impoſſible but by good Management the Heart may be brought quite off thoſe diſagreeable Qualities. You may pleaſe to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly till now, it would be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than ordinary at firſt, leſt it ſhould be apt to run away: She ſhould encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind of Whiſper; and when ſhe ſees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afreſh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, ſince it was in the Preſence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be expos'd to the open Air, for fear of catching Cold; ſhe may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-Chamber, where it may be of great Uſe rightly manag'd, and wake her in a Morning with half a Dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-Clock. You ſee, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, ſince I truſt you to diſpoſe of a

Heart

Heart for me, that I have never been able to diſpoſe of my ſelf. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Virtue of Neceſſity, and ſurrendering up a Fort which I am not able to hold out againſt You. However, Madam, the fierceſt Conquerors are kind to Garriſons that yield upon the firſt Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs; ſo I doubt not but your Virtues are anſwerable to them. All the Favour I ſhall beg for my Heart, is, That it may be treated as a Priſoner of War, and that I may have the Liberty of keeping a Correſpondence with it, during its Confinement. To ſhow you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am ſatisfied you ſhould read all the Letters I write; and that none ſhould come to me, but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any Eſcape; for if I can gueſs at all at his Humour, he will prefer ſuch a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World; and will not be ſo proud of the Titles of Prince, or Conqueror, as that of your Priſoner and Slave.

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame.

If ſtreaming Blood my fatal Letter ſtain,
Imagine, e'er you read, the Writer ſlain:
One Hand the Sword, and One the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.

Ovid's *Epiſt.*

I Have been theſe ſix Hours in debate, Whether I ſhould ſtab my ſelf, or write to you firſt: At laſt, Madam, I have determined on the latter: For I conſider, that if you ſhould hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricket, ſinging ſome doleful Ballad of my Death, you would be at a loſs to know the Cauſe of ſo ſad an Accident; and, in an Age ſo inquiſitive as ours, would take it much better to have a Relation of the thing from the firſt Hand, than to be put to the Trouble of ſtopping to enquire of it in the Street, or truſting it to the Fidelity of a *Grub-ſtreet* Hiſtorian. The Buſineſs then, in ſhort, Madam, is this: Coming home about Twelve a Clock at Night, I found a Letter, to tell me; That I ſhould meet you in ******* at Five a Clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really ſo ſenſible of my Guilt of diſappointing you in this Manner, that after having arraigned, judged, and condemned my ſelf for it, I am juſt now upon the point of Execution; I muſt confeſs, ſome People have adviſed me to the contrary,

contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I received the Letter. But I told them, That after having written to you, I ought never to have ſtirred from home, but ſtaid in Expectation of an Anſwer. For though it was urged in my Defence, that I had ſome great Buſineſs which called me out; and that I had little hopes you ſhould have granted me the Honour of meeting you ſo ſoon; yet this Excuſe does not ſatisfie me in the leaſt: For why a Devil ſhould a Man pretend to make Love, when he has great Buſineſs, and little Hope? This Conſideration has abſolutely determined me for a ſudden Execution; and whatever you may think upon the firſt ſight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may aſſure your ſelf I ſhall be no more

Yours, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have a thing juſt now come into my Head, that may poſſibly make me defer my Execution, till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Taſtes; and there being as many Ways of killing Lovers, as there are of dreſſing Eggs, it would anger me very much if I ſhould ſtab my ſelf for your ſake, when you would rather have me hanged or drowned.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Diſappointment in your Letter; otherwiſe, I confeſs, I am very impatient under thoſe Circumſtances. I hope it was not in Revenge for my miſſing the other Aſſignation; if it be, I reckon we are upon the ſquare now. You will certainly grant, you have all the Reaſon in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of Impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In Recompence, you ſhall diſpoſe of me, in whatever manner you pleaſe; and I am ſure you muſt allow, That if I am not the moſt paſſionate Lover in the World, I am at leaſt the moſt convenient: For whenever you have a mind to give Sir****, or Mr.**** Opportunities of ſaying ſoft Things, you ſhall ſee that I will manage the other Party to your Advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this, you have any Occaſion to make them jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for ſuch an Employment than my ſelf. You may make uſe of me, Madam, in any of theſe Capacities, (but ſtill make uſe of me) and you will not only oblige your ſelf, but

Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

CErtainly the Lady who accuſed me of Indifference laſt Night, has the leaſt Reaſon in the Word to do ſo. Is it Indifference to be always following her up and down? Is it Indifference to ſhun all Company for hers? Is it Indifference to gaze upon her with all the Tenderneſs in Nature? Theſe are but the outward Signs; but, O! could ſhe look within, and accuſe of Indifference a Heart that burns with the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the reſt of the World may, with Juſtice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Perſon living, who can make me otherwiſe; Prudence obliges me to manage Things ſo, as to diſguiſe my Paſſion from all the World beſide. And is there no Return due to this, but a Reſolution to deceive me? Well, Madam; it is ſome Comfort to me, however, That if you can but for one half Hour delude me into an Opinion that I am beloved by You, that ſhort Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction, than all Womankind can grant me beſide.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

I See I am deſtined to Deſtruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever ſee her? Or ſince I did, why did any Body elſe? Had I never, I could never have been happy; and by having ſeen you, I am the moſt miſerable Wretch breathing. Theſe will appear Myſteries, perhaps, to you; and if you think me diſtracted when I write this, you will think right: Love, Rage, Jealouſy, and Deſpair, are tearing my Soul in Pieces. If you have any Compaſſion for a Man whom you have rendered the moſt miſerable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to Day, though it be but for one half Hour. I would not have you come to the Walks * after this Rain, for fear you ſhould catch cold; and a meeting at Shops or *India*-Houſes, may make People ſuſpicious. Though I die if I ſee you not, yet I would rather do ſo, than bring your Health or Reputation in any Danger. Think, O! think upon ſome Way of ſatisfying my Requeſt, and do not apprehend that this Diſtraction which I ſhow you, ſhould appear to any body elſe, to your Prejudice. I wiſh every one was as careful of you as I am; yet I lie, I do not wiſh it; for to be ſo, they muſt love you at the ſame Rate; and I had rather allow them all the Favours you can grant, than That. Adieu——I am——alas, I know not what I am, but that——I am miſerable, and that——I am *Yours*,

* i.e. *Gray's-Inn* Walks.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

I Think I have taken all the Ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you ſhall ſee I will do more, which is, never to ſee you again. It is true, Mrs.**** told me, I might come to you to Day; but ſhe told me at the ſame Time, That you thought it improper for me to come ſo often. Had you any Kindneſs for me, you could not have have refuſed my Viſits upon ſo cold a Reaſon as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleaſed that I make them at all. You ſhall ſee therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, ſince I engage my Word to you (and I am ſure, Madam, neither you nor any Woman in the World, can ſay I have ever broken my Word with them) that I will never make you another Viſit, or come into any Place where you are, except you give me very good Aſſurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you, than I have Reaſon to believe it has been of late.

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame.

THAT this Parting has not been ſought of my Side, Heaven can be my Witneſs; and how little Satisfaction I take in it, every Vein in my Heart can teſtify. No; I tremble, I am all Confuſion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in Complaiſance to you, that I have reſolved it. I ſee you are picking little Occaſions of quarrelling with me; I ſee you are uneaſy when I am with you, and I ſee you do not make a Return that is ſuitable to a Paſſion ſo violent and ſo ſincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what would you have me do! Should I come to put you out of Humour? Or would you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your more-favoured Servants? No, Madam, I have too much Tenderneſs for you, to give you any Diſturbance; and give me leave to ſay, I have not ſo mean a Spirit, as to follow any Woman, when I have Reaſon to believe ſhe thinks me troubleſome, how difficult ſoever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I ſhall not fail of waiting upon once more, before we part for ever.

LETTER XIX.

To a Friend.

Written from the Country.

THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your laſt Letter, have quite turned my Head. What Delicacy of Invention! What Sublimity of Thought! I talk no more of Women of Gallantry; I think of nothing but Philoſophy and Seraphic-Love. O! Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falſely called Pleaſures! They appear beautiful to the Sight, but once taſted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the Sweetneſs of Philoſophy. O charming Quiet! O dear Repoſe! O Life truly celeſtial! Mounted upon the lofty Tops of Philoſophy, we regard at our Eaſe the Vanity, the Folly, the Madneſs of the World: The greateſt Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen; ſo many Men, ſo many Follies.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius eſt bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ ſapientum templa ſerena;
Diſpicere, unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque vias palantes quærere vitæ. *

* LUCRETIUS.

The Soul of Man, according to *Plato*, has two Wings; the one Celeſtial, with which ſhe flies up to the Empyreal Heaven, the other Terreſtrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the firſt of theſe that raiſes you to thoſe lofty Divine Paths, reached by none but the greateſt Wits, the nobleſt Souls; the other brings Men down to the things of this World; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage! Poor Huſbands! you have truly obſerved how ſoon Beauty flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much ſooner: Uncomplaiſant Companion that he is, who, tho he comes with Beauty, will not ſtay with it. Great Politicians without doubt theſe Huſbands! who ſuffer an eternal Slavery for a Thing of ſo little Duration. But what ſignifies that to us? Let us leave them in Peace (if there be any ſuch thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame, written from London.

IT is ſo long ſince I wrote to you, that I am almoſt aſhamed of doing it now: But, to ſay the Truth, I have too juſt an Excuſe for my Neglect, being relapſed into a former Malady, and notwithſtanding all the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy, fallen in Love ten times more than

than ever. I am aſhamed to tell you how long I have been ſo; but I am ten times more aſhamed to tell you, I do not yet find the leaſt decay in my Paſſion, tho I have reaſon enough to believe the Lady did not care if ſhe ſaw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a Face upon the Matter as we will; but firſt or laſt I ſee Conſtancy comes upon us all. In the Humour I am at preſent, I had a good Mind to forſwear ever being in Love again. And yet upon better Thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of Three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, thoſe are not worth mentioning) I valued the One Miſtreſs after I left loving her; I loved Another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the Third, after having loſt all Hopes of her: So that, methinks, according to the Courſe of my Paſſions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies ſoever you fall, be pleaſed for my ſake to ſpare thoſe of Love; being very well ſatisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without Raillery, in Love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never ſeen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard ſpeak, nor ſeen any thing that ſhe has written; and with the Heroic-Virtues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that could make me think ſhe had any. Conſidering how very com-

common theſe Qualities are, I ſuppoſe you will not ask me if I have ever been miſtaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my Part, I am of Opinion a Man muſt reſolve to abandon Women or Philoſophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an Abſence of five or ſix Months from Town, I find the Ladies ſtill the ſame; that is to ſay, ſtill various. Thoſe who were in Love when I went from Hence, are in Love ſtill; but they are in Love with other Men. They are conſtant to Love, but inconſtant to the Lovers: And in this Point, to ſpeak the Truth among Friends, I think Here is no great Difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's Inconſtancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my Part, being unwilling to diſoblige either, I am very apt to agree with Both. But *Cupid* will have it ſo; and what can weak Mortals do againſt ſo potent a God? Adieu; live pleaſantly, that is, philoſophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

ELEGIES.

The unrewarded LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curſe his angry Fate,
And from the Wind and Waves his Fortune wait:
Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains, and be
A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his Prince's Foes,
And for a Livelihood his Life expoſe:
I Wage no war, I plead no Cauſe but *Love's*,
I fear no Storms, but what CELINDA moves.
And what grave Cenſor can my Choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair Charmer, here the Diff'rence lies;

The *Merchant*, after all his Hazards paſt,
Enjoys the Fruit of his long Toils at laſt.
The *Soldier* high in his King's Favour ſtands,
And after having long obey'd, Commands.
The *Lawyer*, to reward his tedious Care,
Roars on the Bench, that babled at the Bar.
While I take Pains to meet a Fate more hard,
And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

The POWER of VERSE.

To his MISTRESS.

WHile thoſe bright Eyes ſubdue where-e'er you will,
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave, or kill;
What Youth ſo bold the Conqueſt to deſign?
What Wealth ſo great to purchaſe Hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that Privilege can claim,
And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
Riches and Titles with your Life muſt end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in Life your Fame defend:
Verſe can give Fame, can fading Beauties ſave,
And, after Death, redeem them from the Grave;
Embalm'd in Verſe, thro diſtant Times they come,
Preſerv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.

Poets

Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eaſtern Throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give Infamy or Fame.
In vain the * *Tyrian* Queen reſigns her Life,
For the bright Glory of a ſpotleſs Wife.
If lying Bards may falſe Amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her Name with Arbitrary Verſe.
While † One, who all the Abſence of her Lord,
Had her wide Courts with preſſing Lovers ſtor'd;
Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathleſs Rimes,
Stands a chaſte Pattern to ſucceeding Times.
With Pity then the Muſes Friends ſurvey,
Nor think your Favours there, are thrown away,
Wiſely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown.
For, as the Sun that in the Marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholeſome Weeds;
With the ſame Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
To pleaſant Flow'rs, and uſeful Fruits gives Birth:
So Favours caſt on Fools, get only Shame;
On Poets ſhed, produce eternal Fame:
Their gen'rous Breaſts warm with a genial Fire,
And more than all the Muſes can Inſpire.

* Dido. † Penelope.

To his MISTRESS.

CELIA, your Tricks will now no longer paſs,
And I'm no more the Fool that once I was.
I know my happier Rival does obtain
All the vaſt Bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.
Him, him you love; to me you uſe your Art;
I had your Looks, another had your Heart.
To me you're ſick, to me of Spies afraid:
He finds your Sickneſs gone, your Spies betray'd.
I ſigh beneath your Window all the Night;
He in your Arms poſſeſſes the Delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe Fair, I do;
And, O! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too:
To him my Sighs are told, my Letters ſhown;
And all my Pains are his Diverſion grown.
Yet ſince you could ſuch horrid Treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you chuſe out him to do the Fact:
His Vanity does for my Wrongs attone;
And 'tis by that I have your Falſhood known.
What ſhall I do? for treated at this rate,
I muſt not love; and yet I cannot hate.
I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;
O! were thy Virtue more, or Beauty leſs;
I'm all Confuſion, and my Soul's on Fire,
Torn by contending Reaſon and Deſire:

This

This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;
But, O! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean Wretch! canſt thou contented prove,
With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?
Why did I ſee that Face to charm my Breaſt?
Or having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt Commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome Favour from your Hands,
Make me that tame, that eaſy Fool again,
And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
And you, falſe Fair! for whom ſo oft I've griev'd,
Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear yourſelf for one who dies for you,
Vow not a Word of the whole Charge was true;
But Scandals all, and Forgeries devis'd
By a vain Wretch, neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the Deceit,
And, to my Power, contribute to the Cheat.
And thou, bold Man, who think'ſt to Rival me,
For thy Preſumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her Arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her Charms;
But, O! I never can forgive the Tongue,
That boaſts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.

Upon the ſame Occaſion.

WHAT Fury does diſturb my Reſt?
What Hell is this within my Breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal Torment prove.
I ſee CELINDA's Cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all Men but me;
I ſee her Falſhood, ſee her Pride,
I ſee ten thouſand Faults beſide;
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, O ye Powers! I love her ſtill.
Others on Precipices run,
Which, blind with Love, they cannot ſhun.
I ſee my Danger, ſee my Ruin,
Yet ſeek, yet court my own undoing:
And each new Reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

The PETITION.

An Imitation of CATULLUS.

IS there a pious Pleaſure, that proceeds
From Contemplation of our virtuous Deeds?
That all mean, ſordid Actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lies?

Thyrſis,

Thyrſis, thou ſure haſt Bleſſings laid in Store,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt Amour.
What Honour can in Words or Deeds be ſhown,
Which to the Fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe Heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eaſ'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many Vows ſhe broke,
Free my Juſt Soul from this unequal Yoke!
My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
Runs thro my Veins, and taints my vital Blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal Paſſion burn at laſt;
The one ſhe cannot practiſe, tho' ſhe would,
And I contemn the other, tho' ſhe ſhould,
Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt;
'Tis Puniſhment enough to have her Guilt.
I beg but Balſam for my bleeding Breaſt,
Cure for my Wounds, and from my labours Reſt,

Upon quitting his MISTRESS.

I Know, CELINDA, I have borne too long,
And by forgiving, have increas'd my Wrong;
Yet if there be a Power in Verſe to ſlack
Thy Courſe in Vice, or bring fled Virtue back,

I'll undertake the Task; howe'er ſo hard,
A gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
O! were thy Virtues equal to thy Charms,
I'd fly from Crowns to live within thoſe Arms:
But who, O! who, can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known Falſhoods have deſtroy'd all Truſt?

Farewell, falſe Fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay;
Since we muſt part, why ſhould we thus delay?
Your Love alone, was what my Soul could prize,
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe.
Yet ſhould I not repent my Follies paſt,
Could you take up, and grow reſerv'd at laſt;
'Twould pleaſe me, parted from your fatal Charms,
To ſee you happy in another's Arms.
Whatever Threat'nings Fury might extort,
O! fear not I ſhould ever do you hurt;
For tho my former Paſſion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waſte my Time in vain,
Sure there are Maids I might intirely gain:
I'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that's true,
Reſign the Heart ſo hardly freed from you.

EPIGRAMS.

Written in a LADY'S *Table-Book.*

WITH what ſtrange Raptures would my Soul be Bleſt,
Were but her *Book* an Emblem of her *Breaſt?*
As I from That all *former Marks* efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put *new ones* in their Place;
So might I chace *all others* from her Heart,
And *my own Image* in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the *Bliſs* would prove, if he,
Who ſeiz'd it *next*, might do the ſame by *me.*

LYCE.

GO, ſaid Old *Lyce*, ſenſeleſs Lover, go,
And with ſoft Verſes court the Fair; but know,
With all thy Verſes thou canſt get no more
Than Fools without one Verſe have had before.
Moved *at this*, upon the Bawd I flew;
But *that* which moſt enrag'd me was, *'twas true.*

To his falſe MISTRESS.

THOU ſaidſt that I alone thy Heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldſt abandon *Jove*.
I lov'd thee then, not with a Love defil'd,
But as a Father loves his only Child.
I know thee now, and tho I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
See what thy *Falſhood* gets; I muſt confeſs
I love thee *more*, but I eſteem thee *leſs*.

LOVE and JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
Love's like a Torch, which, if ſecur'd from Blaſts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer laſts.
Expos'd to Storms of *Jealouſy* and Doubt,
The Blaze grows *greater*, but 'tis *ſooner* out.

CLOE.

CLOE new-married looks on Men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for What ſhe look'd before.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud, his Wife's a Whore;
Alas, good CORNUS, what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

THRASO.

THraſo picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night;
When ſober in the Morning, dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe Ills that may enſue,
Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

GRIPE and SHIFTER.

RICH *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
T'increaſe that Wealth he wants the Soul to ſpend.
Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance ſet
To ſpend that Wealth, he wants the Senſe to get.
How happy would appear to each his Fate,
Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe*'s Eſtate.
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can,
And of Two Wretches, make One happy Man.

JEALOUSY.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more bleſt could live,
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous Paſſions move?
What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys could give,
Than the ſoft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
Were not the Bliſs too often croſt,
By that unhappy, vile Diſtruſt;
That gnawing Doubt, that anx'ous Fear, that dang'rous Malady,
That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madneſs *Jealouſy*.

II.

In vain CELINDA boaſts ſhe has been true;
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her Charms;
Dire *Jealouſy* does all my Pains renew,
And repreſents her in my Rivals Arms.
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd Advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs; and, O! methinks I ſee
Her give up all thoſe Joys to Him, ſhe ſhould reſerve for Me.

III. In-

III.

Ingrateful *fair One*, canſt thou hear my Groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe Tears that fill my Eyes?
And yet unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
Into another's Arms reſign my Prize?
If Merit could not gain your Love,
My Suff'rings might your Pity move:
Might hinder you from adding thus, by *jealous Frenzies*, more
New Pangs, to One whom *hopeleſs-Love* had plagu'd too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe Nymph, my Fury to out-ſtorm,
I ſcorn your Anger, and deſpiſe your Frown:
Dreſs up your Rage in its moſt hideous Form,
It will not move my Heart when Love is flown;
No, tho you from my Kindneſs fly,
My Vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy;
The Muſe that would have ſung your Praiſe, ſhall now aloud proclaim
To the malicious, ſpiteful World, your Infamy and Shame.

V. Ye

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling Show'r!
See how her Eyes are quite diſſolv'd in Tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious Torrent pour?
O! no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow;
For the ſame Pity ſtop it now:
For ev'ry charming, heav'nly Drop, that from thoſe Eyes does part,
Is paid with Streams of Blood that guſh, from my o'erflowing Heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my Paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt Sign of Penitence appear.
I'll frame Excuſes for your Fault,
Think you ſurpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the Fury, in the Height, of that abhorr'd Embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at leaſt, you wiſh'd me in the Place.

VII. O!

VII.

O! let me lie whole Ages in thoſe Arms,
And on that Boſom lull aſleep my Cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh Fears of fancy'd Harms,
That ſtab my Soul, while they but move thy Tears:
And think, unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill;
For theſe rude Pangs of *Jealouſy*, are much more certain Signs
Of Love, than all the tender Words, an am'rous Fancy Coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
O! Smile, and grant one reconciling Kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe's kind, I'm Extaſy all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain the Bliſs.
Thou pleaſing Torture of my Breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my Reſt,
Since both the *Ill* and *Good* you do, alike my Peace deſtroy;
That kills me with *Exceſs of Grief*, *This* with *Exceſs of Joy*.

The CURE of JEALOUSY.

I.

WHAT Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what *fond Lovers* feel,
When doating on ſome *fair One's* Charms,
They think ſhe yields 'em to their Rivals Arms?

II.

As *Lyons* tho' they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp Wounds their Rage inflame,
Lift up their ſtormy Voices, roar,
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before:

III.

So fares the *Lover*, when his Breaſt,
By *jealous Frenzy* is poſſeſt,
Forſwears the *Nymph* for whom he burns;
Yet ſtrait to *her*, whom he forſwears, returns.

IV.

But when the *Fair* reſolves his Doubt,
The *Love* comes in, the *Fear* goes out;
The Cloud of *Jealouſy's* diſpell'd,
And the bright Sun of *Innocence* reveal'd.

V.

With what ſtrange Raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who would not have the *Sickneſs*, for the *Cure?*

A SONNET.

DEATH.

I.

WHAT has this Bugbear Death that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain in Sorrow paſt,
After deluding Hope and dire Deſpair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the laſt.

II.

How ſtrangely are our Love and Hate miſplac'd;
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting thoſe Tyrant-Sins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

III.

'Tis not a fooliſh Fear of future Pains,
(Why ſhould they fear who keep their Souls from Stains?)
That makes me dread thy Terrors, Death, to ſee:
'Tis not the Loſs of Riches, or of Fame,
Or the vain Toys the Vulgar Pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, CELIA, but the loſing thee.

The ANTIDOTE.

I.

WHEN I ſee the bright Nymph who my Heart does inthral,
When I view her ſoft Eyes, and her languiſhing Air,
Her Merit ſo Great, my own Merit ſo Small,
It makes me Adore, and it makes me Deſpair.

II.

But when I conſider that ſhe ſquanders on Fools
All thoſe Treaſures of Beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd;
My Fancy it damps, and my Paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

III.

Thus, ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe;
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem,
The Paſſion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
Which my Rivals deſtroy, when I look upon them.

IV.

How wiſely does Nature Things ſo diff'rent unite!
In ſuch odd Compoſitions our Safety is found;
As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;
So her Folly makes Whole, Whom her Beauty does Wound.

Upon a FAVOUR *offered.*

CELIA, too late you would repent:
The off'ring all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon ſent
To One that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the Bliſs too late;
You hinder'd me of One I lov'd,
To give me One I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
When firſt my Court I made;
But when your Falſhoods plain appear,
My Love no longer ſtay'd.

Your Bounty of thoſe Favours ſhown,
Whoſe Worth your firſt deface;
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Braſs.

O! ſince the thing we beg's a Toy,
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
Before our Love is gone?

The RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears!
Be gone, ye Jealouſies and Fears.
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd,
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep Company with you;
What! tho' a ſenſeleſs Rival ſwore,
She ſaid as much to him before?
What tho' I ſaw him in her Bed?
I'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the Prudent and the Wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing Lies:
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
But by this Folly I vaſt Pleaſures gain,
While You with all your Wiſdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE,

Between a LOVER and his FRIEND,

Irregular VERSES.

FRIEND.

VAlue thy ſelf, fond Youth, no more
On Favours *Mulus* had before:
He had her firſt, her Virgin-Flame;
You like a bold Intruder came To

To the cold Relicks of a Feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

LOVER.

When he, dull Sot, had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the Second Courſe;
'Tis Chance that firſt makes People love,
Judgment their riper Fancies move.
Mulus, you ſay, firſt charm'd her Eyes;
Firſt, ſhe lov'd Babies and Dirt-Pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the Folly of thoſe Toys, and Him.

FRIEND.

If Wiſdom Change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous Wits.
But Wiſdom that now makes Her Change to You,
In time will make Her Change to Others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no Man can foreſee his Doom:
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an Ill may come;
Yet I'll allow her Change, when ſhe can ſee
A Man deſerves her more than Me,
As much as I deſerve her more than He.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own Eyes ſee our Deſert,
No Woman e'er could from her Lover part.
But O! they ſee not with their own,
All things to them are thro' falſe Optics ſhown.
Love at the firſt does all your Charms increaſe,
When the Tube's turn'd, Hate repreſents them leſs.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve,
For Dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to One I ceaſe to Love her too.

The Fair MOURNER.

IN what ſad Pomp the mournful Charmer lyes!
Does ſhe lament the Victim of her Eyes?
Or would ſhe Hearts with ſoft Compaſſion move,
To make them take the deeper Stamp of Love?
What Youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes dreſt up in Pity's Shape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious Tears be ſhed,
Pity the dying fair One, not the Dead;
While you unjuſtly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for You, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs Judges make their Moan,
Blame not Death's Cruelty, but ceaſe your own.

While

While raging Paſſion both our Souls does wound,
A Sov'raign Balm might ſure for Both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitleſs Tears away,
And with a juſt Compaſſion mine ſurvey.

To his MISTRESS.

Againſt MARRIAGE.

I.

YES, all the World muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having Thee,
Will be intirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My Queen, my Slave at laſt.

II.

Nor ought thoſe Things to be confin'd,
That were for publick Good deſign'd;
Could we in fooliſh Pride,
Make the Sun always with us ſtay,
Twou'd burn our Corn and Graſs away,
To ſtarve the World Beſide.

III.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright,
Two Souls which Paſſion does unite;
For while our Love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the Devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that Love is paſt?

To *CELIA*.

Upon ſome ALTERATIONS *in her* FACE.

I.

AH, *Celia!* where are now the Charms,
That did ſuch wond'rous Paſſions move;
Time, cruel Time, thoſe Eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble Darts of Love.

II.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
To Womens Int'reſt, and to Ours?
Beauties in which the Public ſhare,
The greedy Villain firſt devours.

III. Who

III.

Who, without Tears, can ſee a Prince,
That Trains of fawning Courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without Defence?
Nor is thy helpleſs Fate leſs ſad.

IV.

Thou who ſo many Fools haſt known,
And all the Fools would hardly do,
Should now confine thyſelf to One!
And He, alas! a Husband too.

V.

See the ungrateful Slaves, how faſt
They from thy ſetting Glories run;
And in what mighty Crouds they haſte,
To worſhip *Flavia*'s riſing Sun!

VI.

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,
In vain thoſe Eyes would Love impart;
Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,
Can move one unrelenting Heart.

VII.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* ſtill,
By Cruelty, her Cauſe maintains;
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs Smile
To the poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

VIII.

Well, *Celia*, let them waſte their Tears,
But ſure they will in time Repine,
That thou haſt not a Face like Hers,
Or ſhe has not a Heart like Thine.

The RETIREMENT.

I.

ALL hail, ye Fields, where conſtant Peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred, ſolitary Groves!
All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
Whoſe Converſation pleaſes, and improves!

II.

Could one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer Rules,
Become ſo mad to ſearch for Joys abroad?
To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the Croud?

III.

One to ambitious Fancies made a Prey,
Thinks Happineſs in great Preferment lies;
Nor fears for *that* his Country to betray,
Curſt by the Fools, and laught at by the Wiſe.

IV. Others

IV.

Others whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their Time, to multiply their Gains;
And fancying Wretched, all who are not Rich,
Neglect the End of Life to get the Means.

V.

Others the Name of Pleaſure does invite,
All their dull Time in ſenſual Joys they live;
And hope to gain that ſolid firm Delight
By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

VI.

But how perplext, alas! is Human Fate?
I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleaſures move;
Who view with Scorn the Trophies of the Great,
Yet muſt my ſelf be made a Slave to Love.

VII.

If this dire Paſſion never will be gone,
If Beauty always muſt my Heart inthral;
O! rather let me be confin'd to One,
Than madly thus be made a Prey to All!

VIII.

One who has early known the Pomps of State;
(For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gaudy Bait,
Can boldly ſay, the Trifle I contemn.

IX.

In her bleſt Arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: But, O! my Mind
I feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

X.

In *Women* how ſhould Senſe and Beauty meet?
The wiſeſt *Men* their Youth in *Follies* ſpend;
The beſt is He who earlieſt finds the Cheat,
And ſees his *Errors* while there's time to mend.

FOUR

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

I.

DAPHNE and *DAMON.*

Sicilian Muſe, my humble Voice inſpire
To ſing of *Daphne*'s Charms and *Damon*'s Fire.
Long had the faithful Swain ſuppreſt his Grief,
And ſince he durſt not Hope, ne'er aſk'd Relief.
But at th'Arrival of the fatal Day
That took the Nymph and all his Joys away;
With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare:
'Till with deep Sighs, as if his Heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her Hand, theſe tender Things he ſpoke:

DAMON.

Ah lovely Nymph! behold your Lover burn,
And view the Paſſion which you'll not return.
As no Nymph's Charms did ever equal thine;
So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.
How happy, Fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice my ſelf for Thee?
Could I but pleaſe thee with my dying Verſe,
And make thee ſhed one Tear upon my Hearſe?

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not Pow'r to take:
Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I would, relieve:
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.
Had you, among the reſt, at firſt aſſail'd
My Heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, O! blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lover's Flame,
For Flocks, for Paſtures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the bleſt Poſſeſſion Fate denies;
O! let me gaze for ever on thoſe Eyes.
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent's my Flame,
That *Phaon*, did he ſee it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such gen'rous Ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I wiſh for You.
If on Eſteem, or Pity you can live,
Or Hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And ſince we now, perhaps, for ever part;
Such noble Thoughts thro' all your Life expreſs,
May make the Value more, the Pity leſs.

DA-

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what ſhiv'ring Pains ſurround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity leſs?
Ah *Daphne*, could I half my Pangs expreſs,
You could not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one Moment free from Pain,
'Till I behold thoſe charming Eyes again.
When gay Diverſions do your Thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you ſome ſpare Moment find,
Think then, O think, on whom you leave behind!
Think with what Heart I ſhall behold the Green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming Eyes have ſeen!
Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone,
When you, the Glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, O! that little Time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my Soul away!
But ſee, my Paſſion that ſmall Aid denies;
Grief ſtops my Tongue, and Tears o'erflow my Eyes.

II.

GALATEA.

Thyrſis, the gayeſt one of all the Swains,
Who fed their Flocks upon th' *Arcadian* Plains;
While Love's mad Paſſion quite devour'd his Heart,
And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
Strives in low Numbers, ſuch as Shepherds uſe,
If not to move her Breaſt, his own t'amuſe.
You, *Chloris*, who with Scorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal Pride diſdain,
To hear an humble Hind of his complain.

Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
While the fierce Sun ſets all the World on Fire;
Thro' burning Fields, thro' rugged Brakes I rove,
And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
How ſmall's the Heat? how eaſy is the Pain
I feel Without, to that I feel Within?

Yet ſcornful *Galatea* will not hear,
But from my Songs and Pipe ſtill turns her Ear.
Not ſo the ſage *Coriſca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Ægon's* only Care:

From

From them my Songs a juſt Compaſſion drew,
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by You.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte *Cynthia* ſtays,
And *Pan* himſelf, to liſten to my Lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet Pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my Song.
Yet *Galatea* ſcorns whate'er I ſay;
And *Galatea*'s wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Tho' you diſlike the Subject of my Lays,
Yet ſure the Sweetneſs of my Voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull *Mopſus* uſe,
His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuſe.
Yet I could tell you, fair One, if I would,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhould)
What the wiſe *Lycon* ſaid, when in yon Plain,
He ſaw him Court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond Youth, to chace a heedleſs Fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd Verſe to pleaſe her Ear;
Seek out ſome other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
That One who likes His Songs, ſhould fly from Thine.

Ah, *Lycon!* ah! your Rage falſe Danger forms;
'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:

Yet

Yet, ſcornful Maid, in time you'll find thoſe Toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial Joys;
In vain his Wealth, his Titles, gain Eſteem,
If for all that, You are aſham'd of Him.

Ah, *Galatea*, would'ſt thou turn thoſe Eyes,
Would'ſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my Cries:
In ſuch ſoft Notes I would my Pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
With ſuch ſweet Songs I would thy Fame make known,
As *Pan* himſelf might not diſdain to own.
O! could'ſt thou, fair One, but contented be
To tend the Sheep, and chace the Hares with me:
To have thy Praiſes eccho'd thro' the Groves,
And paſs thy Days with One who truly Loves;
Nor let thoſe gaudy Toys thy Heart ſurprize,
Which the Fools envy, and the Sage deſpiſe.

But *Galatea* ſcorns my humble Flame,
And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.
Of the beſt Cheeſe my well-ſtor'd Dairy's full,
And my ſoft Sheep produce the fineſt Wool;
The richeſt Wines of *Greece* my Vineyards yield,
And ſmiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah,

Ah, fooliſh Youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy Store,
Have what thou wilt, if *Mopſus* ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold Her haughty Pride,
With what Diſdain ſhe turns her Head aſide!
O! why would Nature, to our Ruin, place
A Tyger's Heart, with ſuch an Angel's Face?

Ceaſe, Shepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs Moan;
Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes reſound,
See how thy Corn lyes wither'd on the Ground!
The hungry Wolves devour thy fatten'd Lambs;
And bleating for the Young, makes lean the Dams.
Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks purſue,
And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a New.

III.

DAMON.

Taken from the Eighth Eclogue *of* Virgil.

ARiſe, O *Phoſphorus!* and bring the Day,
While I in Sighs and Tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering Hopes of *Niſa*'s Love;
And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:

Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying Breath.
*Begin, my Muſe, begin th'*Arcadian *Strains.*

Arcadia's famous for its ſpacious Plains,
Its whiſtling Pine-Trees, and its ſhady Groves,
And often hears the Swains lament their Loves.
Great *Pan* upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
Who firſt taught Reeds to warble rural Notes.
*Begin, my Muſe, begin th'*Arcadian *Strains.*

Mopſus weds *Niſa !* O! well-ſuited Pair!
When He ſucceeds, what Lover can deſpair?
After this Match let Mares and Griffins breed;
And Hounds with Hares in friendly Concert feed.
Go, *Mopſus*, go; provide the Bridal Cake;
And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take:
In Her ſoft Arms Thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt.
Behold, the Ev'ning comes to make Thee bleſt!
*Begin, my Muſe, begin th'*Arcadian *Strains.*

O! *Niſa*, happy in a lovely Choice!
While you with Scorn neglect my Pipe and Voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble Songs, my Herd,
My ſhaggy Eye-brows, and my rugged Beard;

While

While through the Plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no Shepherd can deſerve your Love;
Mopſus alone can the nice Virgin win,
With charming Perſon, and with graceful Mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal Plains,
I reach'd you Fruit, your Mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the Thirteenth Spring appear:
Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face;
I gaz'd, and Bluſhes did your Charms increaſe.
'Tis Love, thought I, that's riſing in her Breaſt,
Alas, Your Paſſion, by my Own, I gueſt;
Then upon Truſt I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

O! *Love*! I know Thee now; Thou ow'ſt Thy Birth
To Rocks; ſome craggy Mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it Human Blood that fills thy Veins.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Relentleſs *Love*, to bold *Medæa* ſhow'd,
To ſtain her Hands in her own Children's Blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
A wicked Counſellor he was; a cruel Mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Now let the Screech-Owls vie with warbling Swans;
Upon hard Oaks let bluſhing Peaches grow,
And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
The harmleſs Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant Deer, at fearful Greyhounds run:
Let the Sea riſe, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!
And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows diſdain,
Take this laſt Preſent from a dying Swain.
Since you diſlike whate'er in Life I ſaid,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This Leap ſhall put an end to all my Pains.
Now ceaſe, my Muſe, now ceaſe th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Thus *Damon* ſung while on the Cliff he ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
All with united Grief the Loſs bemoan,
Except the Authreſs of his Fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting Breaſt;
Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at leaſt.
How much ſoe'er you may the Love deſpiſe,
'Tis barb'rous to inſult on One that dies.

IV.

IV.

The GOLDEN AGE Reſtored, 1703.

An Imitation of the Fourth ECLOGUE *of* VIRGIL. *Suppoſed to have been taken from a* Sybilline-*Prophecy.*

——— *Paulo majora Canamus.*

SICILIAN *Muſe begin a loftier Flight,*
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you ſtill purſue,
Make your Shades fit for able Stateſmens view.

The time is come, by antient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degen'rate, Whiggiſh Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven deſcends.

O Learned *Oxford*, ſpare no Sacred Pains
To Nurſe the glorious Breed, now thy own *Bromley* reigns.

And thou Great *Scarſdale*, Darling of this Land,
Do'ſt foremoſt in that fam'd Commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep Remarks the liſt'ning World admires,
By whoſe auſpicious Care old *Ranelagh* expires.
Your mighty Genius no ſtrict Rules can bind;
You puniſh Men for Crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates ſhall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
Monmouth and *Moſtyn* here inſtruct the Youth,
There *Binckes* and *Kimberley* maintain the Sacred Truth.
Powis and *Hamlin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *Weſt-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
There *Birch* and *Hooper* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Biſhops in a Human way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious Poiſons fail,
Harley ſhall ceaſe to trick, and *Seymour* ceaſe to rail:
The Lambs ſhall with the Lions walk unhurt,
And *Halifax* and *Howe* meet civilly at Court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacifick Admirals, to ſave the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conqueſt, and ſhall Conqueſt meet;
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at *William*'s Coſt,
And Honour be retriev'd before tis loſt.
Brereton and *Burnaby* the Court ſhall grace,
And *Howe* ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Maſon* now
Revive and ſhine again in *Fox* and *Howe*,

But

But as they ſtronger grow and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles*'s Reign;
Bold *Bellaſis* and Patriot *D'Av'nant* then,
One ſhall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The Tool of Faction ſhall to Peace invite,
And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to Unite.

Yet ſtill ſome Whigs among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles flouriſhing in barren Ground.
Somers maliciouſly imploys his Care
To make the Lords the Legiſlature ſhare.
Burnet declares how *French* Dragooning roſe,
And Biſhops Perſecuting Bills oppoſe:
Till *Rocheſter*'s * cool Temper ſhall be fir'd,
And *North*'s and *Nottingham*'s ſtrong Reaſonings be admir'd.

But when due Time their Counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh Removes have made the Game ſecure;
When *Somerſet* and *Devonſhire* give Place
To *Wyndham*'s *Bradford*, and to *Richmond*'s Grace,
Both Converts great; when Juſtice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Paſſive Doctrines ſhall with Glory riſe,
Before them hated Moderation flies,
And Antichriſtian Toleration dies.

* Biſhop *Sprat*.

Granville ſhall ſeize the long expected Chair,
Godolphin to ſome Country-Seat repair;
Pembroke from all Employments be debarr'd,
And *Marlborow*, for antient Crimes, receive his juſt Reward.

France, that this happy Change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great Deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, young *James*'s Friends, this is the Time, come on;
Receive juſt Honours, and ſurround the Throne.
Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the State, and *Rooke* the Main.
Grimes is at Hand the Members to Reward,
And Troops are truſted to your own *Gerhard*.
The faithful Club aſſembles at the *Vine*,
And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *Engliſh* Wine.
Freely the Senate the Deſign proclaims,
Affronting *Wyndham*, and applauding *James*.
Good antient Members with a ſolemn Face,
Propoſe that Safety give to Order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
E'en *Finch* and *Mulgrave*, whom the Court careſs,
Exalt its Praiſes, but its Power depreſs;
And that Impartial Juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.

Biſhops

Biſhops who moſt advanc'd Good *James*'s Cauſe
In Church and State, now reap deſerv'd Applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
Are ſtil'd Unchriſtian by the Nation's Voice.
Avow'dly now St. *David*'s Cauſe they own,
And *James*'s Votes for Simony atone.
Archbiſhop *Ken* ſhall from *Long-Leat* be drawn,
While firm *Nonjurors* from behind ſtand crouding for the Lawn.
And thou, Great *Weymouth*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt Sail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.

See by baſe Rebels *James* the Juſt betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile Uſurpers ſway'd;
Then ſee with Joy his lawful Heir reſtor'd,
And erring Nations own their injur'd Lord.

O would kind Heaven ſo long my Life maintain,
Inſpiring Raptures worthy ſuch a Reign!
Not *Thracian-Saint-John* ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet Lays harmonious *Hammond* mend:
Not tho' young *D'Av'nant*, *Saint John* ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor, *Hammond*'s Lines correct.
Nay, ſhould *Tredenham* in St. *Mawes* compare his Songs to mine;
Tredenham, tho' St. *Mawes* were Judge, his Laurel ſhould reſign.

Prepare,

Prepare, Auſpicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir *George** already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
In times of Danger ſtill this Chief confin'd)
Now ſend the Gout, the Hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt *George Churchill* may ſupply his Place.

HORACE, Ode III. Book III. *Imitated*, 1705.

I.

THE Man that's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his Principles and Truſt,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Paſſions his Deſigns controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can ſhake his ſteddy Mind.

II.

Not Parties for Revenge ingag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court inrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets deſpair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The ſhatter'd World may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III. From

* *Rooke* was Admiral, 17.

III.

From this the *Grecian* Glory roſe,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets ſing.
Theſe were the Paths their Heroes trod,
Theſe Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Naſſau* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck He ſtood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, *will force its Way*;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Deſign.

V.

The Men whom Selfiſh Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Inſulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid,

VI.

Yes, Britons, *yes, with ardent Zeal,*
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounded Hand to bind:
See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
And Prieſts, like Locuſts, ſcout away
Before the Weſtern Wind.

VII.

Law ſhall again her Force reſume;
Religion, clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
With brighter Rays advance.
The Britiſh *Fleet ſhall rule the Deep,*
The Britiſh *Youth, as rouz'd from Sleep,*
Strike Terror into France.

VIII.

Nor ſhall theſe Promiſes of Fate
Be limited to my ſhort Date:
When I from Cares withdraw,
Still ſhall the Britiſh *Scepter ſtand,*
Still flouriſh in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

She ſhall Domeſtic Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags ſhall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She ſhall loſt Italy *reſtore,*
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle ſoar,
And give a King to Spain.

X.

But know, theſe Promiſes are given,
Theſe great Rewards Impartial Heaven
Does on theſe Terms decree;
That ſtrictly puniſhing Men's Faults,
You let their Conſciences and Thoughts
Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

Let no falſe Politicks confine,
In narrow Bounds, your vaſt Deſign
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a ſufficient Cauſe
To puniſh Man by penal Laws,
For not Believing right.

XII.

Rome, *whoſe blind Zeal deſtroys Mankind*;
Rome's *Sons ſhall your Compaſſion find,*
Who ne'er Compaſſion knew.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
For what has been Reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be Prais'd in you.

XIII.

Theſe Subjects ſuit not with the Lyre;
Muſe! To what Height doſt thou aſpire?
Pretending to rehearſe
The Thoughts of Gods, and God-like Kings.
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty Things
By mean ignoble Verſe.

DELIA

A PASTORAL ECLOGUE.*

YE, gentle Swains who paſs your Days and Nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent Delights!
Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride diſplay
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!
And mingle your united Tears with mine!
DELIA, *the Queen of* Love, *let All deplore!*
DELIA, *the Queen of* Beauty, *now no more!*

Begin, my Muſe! begin your mournful Strains!
Tell the ſad Tale through all the Hills and Plains!
Tell it through ev'ry Lawn and ev'ry Grove!
Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove!
Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the diſtant Sea,
And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey!
DELIA, *the Queen of* Love, *let All deplore!*
DELIA, *the Queen of* Beauty, *now no more!*

* This *Elegy* laments the Beautiful Mrs. *Tempeſt*, who died in the Night of the Great Storm, (*November* 26. 1703.) a Lady for whom Mr. *Walſh* had the higheſt Eſteem. She was alſo, at his Requeſt, celebrated by Mr. *Pope*, who has conſecrated his *Fourth* Paſtoral to her Memory.

'Tis done, and All obey the mournful Muſe!
See, Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News!
The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shoar,
The Vallies tremble and the Mountains roar.
See lofty Oaks from firm Foundations torn,
And ſtately Tow'rs in Heaps of Ruin mourn!
The gentle *Thames*, that rarely Paſſion knows,
Swells with this Sorrow, and her Banks o'erflows:
What Shrieks are heard? what Groans? what dying Cries?
Ev'n Nature's ſelf in dire Convulſions lies!
DELIA, *the Queen of* Love, *they All deplore!*
DELIA, *the Queen of* Beauty, *now no more!*

O! why did I ſurvive the fatal Day,
That ſnatch'd the Joys of all my Life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome Ruin loſt?
Sunk in the Seas, or Shipwreck'd on the Coaſt?
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted Head?
Why did I live to hear that Thou wert dead?
By Thee my Griefs were calm'd, my Torments eas'd;
Nor knew I Pleaſure but as Thou wert pleas'd.
Where ſhall I wander now, diſtreſs'd, alone?
What Uſe have I of Life, now Thou art gone?
I have no Uſe, alas! but to deplore
DELIA, *the* Pride *of* Beauty, *now no more!*

What

What living Nymph is bleſs'd with equal Grace?
All may diſpute, but who can fill thy Place?
What Lover in his Miſtreſs hopes to find
A Form ſo lovely, with ſo bright a Mind?
DORIS may boaſt a Face divinely Fair,
But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air.
LUCINDA has thy Shape, but not thoſe Eyes,
That while they did th' admiring World ſurprize,
Diſclos'd the ſecret Luſtre of thy Mind,
And ſeem'd each Lover's inmoſt Thoughts to find.
Others, whoſe Beauty yielding Swains confeſs,
By Indiſcretion make their Conqueſt leſs,
And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit
To fix thoſe Slaves who to their Chains ſubmit.
As ſome Rich Tyrant hoards an uſeleſs Store,
That would, well plac'd, inrich a Thouſand more:
So did'ſt thou keep a Croud of Charms retir'd
Would make a Thouſand other Nymphs admir'd.
Gay, Modeſt, Artleſs, Beautiful and Young,
Slow to Reſolve; in Reſolution Strong;
To All obliging; yet reſerv'd to All;
None could Himſelf the favour'd Lover call:
That which alone could make his Hopes endure,
Was, that he ſaw no other Swain ſecure.

Whither,

Whither, ah! whither are thoſe Graces fled?
Down to the Dark, the Melancholy Shade?
Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
DELIA *is Dead, and Beauty is no more!*

For Thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,
His Fame exalting while He ſung Thy Praiſe.
THYRSIS, in gay and eaſy Meaſures, Strove
To charm thy Ears and tune thy Soul to Love:
MENALCAS, in his Numbers more Sublime
Extoll'd thy Virtues in Immortal Rime.
GLYCON whoſe Satire kept the World in Awe,
Soften'd his Strain, when firſt thy Charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the Goddeſs who new-form'd his Mind,
Proclaim'd thy Beauties and forgot Mankind.
Ceaſe, Shepherds, ceaſe; the Charms you ſung are fled,
The Glory of our blaſted Iſle is Dead.
Now join your Griefs with mine! and now deplore
DELIA, *The* Pride *of* Beauty, *now no more!*

Behold where now ſhe lies, depriv'd of Breath!
Charming tho' Pale, and beautiful in Death!
A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side;
With all the Pomp of Woe and Sorrows Pride!
O, early loſt! O, fitter to be led
In chearful Splendor to the Bridal-Bed!

Than

Than thus conducted to th' untimely Tomb,
A Spotleſs Virgin in her Beauty's Bloom!
Whatever hopes ſuperior Merit gave,
Let me, at leaſt, embrace Thee in the Grave;
On thy cold Lips imprint a Dying Kiſs:
O that thy Coyneſs could refuſe me This!
Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their Numbneſs, and thy Warmth reſtore,
Claſpt to my glowing Breaſt, Thou may'ſt revive;
I'll breathe ſuch tender Sighs ſhall make Thee live.
Or if ſeverer Fates that Aid deny,
If thou can'ſt not Revive, yet I may Die.
In one cold Grave together may be laid,
The *trueſt* LOVER, and the *Lovelieſt* MAID.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to Grieve, and not before;
Then ſhall I ceaſe fair DELIA to deplore.

But ſee, thoſe dreadful Objects diſappear!
The Sun ſhines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:
The warring Winds are huſh'd, the Sea ſerene;
And Nature ſoften'd, ſhifts her angry ſcene.
What means this ſudden Change? methinks I hear,
Melodious Muſic from the Heav'nly Sphere!
Liſten, ye Shepherds, and devour the ſound!
Liſten, *the Saint, the Lovely Saint, is Crown'd!*

While

While we, miſtaken in our Joy and Grief,
Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:
From the pleas'd Orbs ſhe views us here below,
And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.

Ah, *Charming Saint!* ſince Thou art bleſs'd Above,
Indulge Thy Lovers and forgive their Love.
Forgive their Tears, who preſs'd with *Grief* and *Care*,
Feel not Thy *Joys*, but feel Their Own *Deſpair*.

FINIS.

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